THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States. — Founded August 4, A. D. 1821.

Vol. LVI. | BENNETT & FITCH, No. 726 Sansom St. | PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1876. | $2 00 a Year, in Advance. Five Cents a Copy. | No. 13

LANSDOWNE RAVINE.

BY MRS. S. L. O.

I was sitting, shadows flitting,
In Lansdowne ravine.
I was thinking, and was linking
My bright thoughts between
All the wonders, strangers' blunders
Through Lansdowne ravine.

Fancy smiling was beguiling
In Lansdowne ravine.
Music's sweetness gave completeness
Of wings to my dream.
Ocean over, come my lover
To Lansdowne ravine!

Tread all nations and all stations
Through Lansdowne ravine.
Rest the races and the graces
Amid the wild green;
Pause the weary and the cheery
In Lansdowne ravine.

Chimes are ringing, echoes flinging
To Lansdowne ravine.
We are meeting, and repeating:
"Who could have foreseen!"
The long parted, the true hearted
In Lansdowne ravine.

THE LILY OF ST. ERNE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ESTHER'S SECRET," "HELENA LYLE," ETC.

[This story was commenced in No. 8, Vol. LVI. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XIII.

IN WHICH MAX HAVERYNG IS MADE BOTH VERY GLAD AND VERY SORRY.

Scarcely pausing to think how strange it was that the Lord of Penruan should be crouching like a spy at the door of a poor fisherman's cottage, Max lifted the latch and hastily entered. Letty had heard the approaching footsteps, and retreated towards the inner room, as if intending to conceal herself; but he was too quick for her. Ere she could carry out her intention, he was by her side—her hands seized in his own, and carried to his lips. Then in his sunny eyes there shone such delight at the rencontre, that, after one vain endeavor to meet his look steadily and coldly, her face flushed and drooped, and she no longer attempted to withdraw her fluttering fingers.

"I did not hope for this!" Max exclaimed, when he recovered speech. "I was more than half afraid that I should not even find the promised letter here! How good you were to come! How shall I thank you for it?"

"Do not thank me at all!" she answered, trying to speak with chilly reserve. "I did not intend to see you, Mr. Haverying. In fact, if I had been sure that you would come here to-night, I should have delayed my visit."

"Don't say if!" Max interposed. "You ought to know me better than to imply a doubt of my coming. You might have been certain that I should be too anxious to hear from you to stay away."

"And yet what could be more probable than that you had other and pleasanter engagements?" she murmured, with a little bitterness audible in her accents.

"Nothing could have been half so delightful as seeing you; no engagement would have kept me from coming here to-night," said Max, with such earnestness that she blushed with pleasure, but still persisted in speaking frigidly.

"If I had been sure of this I should not have stopped to see Dan, although I have a message for him from my Aunt Esther, who has hurt her ankle, and cannot make the journey."

"Then you were yourself the bearer of the promised letter. Pray give it to me!"

"Nay, it is not necessary! I can repeat to you the few words it contained."

But Max made a dissenting gesture. "Pray do not if they are harsh ones. But if they are destined to pain me, when I read them presently, let me be able to recall some look you have given me, some kind speech you have made, and so take heart of grace again."

"But, indeed, I must not say more than that I am grieved if I have misjudged you!" Letty sorrowfully replied. "You will find as much in the note—it lies on yonder table; and now I have only to bid you good night, and repeat my sincere wishes for your welfare."

"And are you going already?"

"Certainly!" she answered. "Farewells are nearly always painful, Mr. Haverying. Why, then, prolong them?"

"And you mean me to understand that I am not to see you again?"

She nodded assent and busied herself in arranging the folds of the large dark shawl that had been wrapped around her.

"But why have you come to such a decision? Why do you refuse me another interview?"

"Because"—and now Letty tried to speak with her old playfulness—"it is wasted time, Mr. Haverying. As long as you were ill, and appeared to have no friends near you, my good-nature prompted me to pay you a few civilities. But now Uncle Dan's patient has dismissed both doctor and nurse, I have lost my vocation."

"It was not for that reason you left me so abruptly," he reminded her. "Nor have you given me an opportunity—frequently as I have entreated it—to convince you that I had no sinister motive in concealing—nay, that is not the proper word, for I had no thought of concealment—for not mentioning that I am distantly connected with the head of the Penruan family!"

Letty shuddered.

"Do not speak of it. I was too hasty; I confess it. Pray forget anything I may have said in my ill-humor. I hope you are enjoying yourself at the Abbey?"

"They are very kind to me," said Max, promptly. "But I have not been able to appreciate their goodness always. While you were displeased with me, how could I be at ease anywhere?"

Letty put up her hand with one of her imperious gestures.

"Hush, Mr. Haverying; I will not listen, if you say such things as these! You and I are, and always must be, strangers to each other. Fate threw us together, and now separates us; it is no use embittering parting moments, either by regrets or idle flatteries. Treat me as you would one of your own sex with whom you have spent a few pleasant hours now and then; wish me a 'Good-bye' and a 'God-speed,' as I shall you, and then let us do our best to forget that we have ever met."

"Impossible!" exclaimed the sore-hearted, deeply mortified Max—"impossible!"

"But, sir, I tell you it must be so!" she answered, impetuously. "I forbid you to annoy me with attentions which I will not accept. You are ungenerous — as Esther has already told you—to dog the footsteps of my friends, and force yourself into my presence! When I withdrew myself from the cottage, you were given to understand, plainly enough, that I neither could nor would renew the acquaintance. It is ungentlemanly to compel me to repeat this to you myself!"

"If you have arrived at this decision solely because your friends dictate it, I protest against their interference!" said Max, with dignity. "But if your own personal dislike to me is so strong that you really wish to see me no more——"

He paused, for the swift rush of color to her cheek was a delightful token that that was not the case; and once again, he ventured to take her hand, and plead his cause in low, tender words.

"Why should you be angry with me for longing to behold you, or for being ready to avail myself of any pretext to be near you? How can I help wishing to see you, or craving to speak with you, even though you scorn and rail at me?"

"I must not listen to you any longer!" cried Letty, in distress. "Let me go, Mr. Haverying. If we talked for another hour, it would only be to repeat what we have already said. We cannot be friends; there are sad and sober reasons why we should never meet again. Neither must you detain me, for I ought not to have stayed here so long."

"But you told me that you were waiting to give a message to old Dan."

"True; but that was when I did not expect you to share my vigil," she honestly confessed. "If you will kindly leave me, I shall be glad to rest awhile; if you persist in remaining, I must depart!"

"Nay, I will not be the means of driving you home again," said Max, with a vexed air. "But I shall remain on the beach till Dan comes home, lest you should be exposed to intrusion."

He had suddenly remembered the Squire when he said this, and the Lily grew pale as the flower from which he named her, and cast a startled glance towards the uncurtained window.

"What do you mean, Mr. Haverying? Is there any one in St. Erne who would venture to come here without Uncle Dan's permission?"

"There certainly was a person in the porch when I arrived," e told her. "If I have alarmed you by mentioning it, I am sorry I did so; but I will not leave you while there is any danger of your being annoyed by his return."

"Then he went away," Letty commented. "I heard no one. But did he not speak to you?"

"No. I stumbled against him in the porch, and he quitted it without a word."

Her face resumed its placid expression.

"Ah! I dare say it was some poor fellow who seeks from Uncle Dan a cure for his rheumatism, or perhaps fancies himself ill-wished by a quarrelsome neighbor. But you look at me strangely!" she exclaimed, as their eyes met. "Was it not so? Did you know Uncle Dan's visitor?"

"Yes," Max answered, with some reluctance, for he comprehended intuitively that the Squire had wished to avoid recognition, and he scarcely considered himself justified in betraying him. Yet how could he prevaricate to Letty? When she asked, "Who was this man?" he felt compelled to reply, "It was Mr. Penruan!"

But he was not prepared for the burst of passionate reproach with which the tidings were received.

"And you brought him here! You have kept me in conversation, while he stood without and listened! Coward—traitor! Was it you who should have betrayed me? You whom I persisted in thinking so honorable and good! Call in your kinsman, sir! I am at your mercy and his! I will no longer struggle with my destiny. He may do with me as he pleases! I cannot be more miserable than the knowledge of your treachery has made me!"

Thunderstruck by these accusations Max made no attempt to interrupt her; but when she sank on the nearest seat, and covered her face with her hands, he bent over her, and entreated her to look up and listen to him.

"As He who made us both hears and judges me, I swear to you that I am no traitor!—that I know no more of Mr. Penruan's actions and history than of your own."

"But he is here!" she gasped; "and I am lost!"

"He will not dare to injure or annoy you while I am by your side. Why do you fear him?"

"Ah! why, indeed?" she murmured. "Do not question me, for I dare not answer. Only tell me if he is still lurking near, and let me nerve myself, if I can, to meet him bravely."

Max went and opened the door of the cottage; the moon had now risen, and the porch was no longer in darkness.

"Mr. Penruan has gone," he assured the trembling girl. "There is not a creature visible."

"But he was there—you have yourself told me so—listening—watching! Oh, heaven! and I so defenceless! Esther away, and Dan too! No one at hand to protect me from him!"

Carried beyond himself by the agony of terror in her sobbing tones, Max flung his strong arm about her, and drew her tenderly towards him.

"Nay; you are not without a defender, Letty, while I am near you. He must be a bold man who shall dare to say a rude word to you whilst I am within hearing!"

But she abruptly withdrew herself from his embrace, and waved him from her. She was almost beside herself with fright, and broke into passionate reproaches.

"You protect—you defend me! No, no, I should loathe myself if I accepted aught from one in whose veins runs the blood of the Penruans. You are of the same heartless, avaricious, unscrupulous race; one of those who, Judas like, smile upon and caress whoever they are plotting to destroy. I should be mad, indeed, to trust myself to a Penruan! Silence, sir! It is useless attempting to exonerate yourself. I will no longer be deceived by your false and deceitful protestations. Leave me, sir! Leave me, I say!"

His pulses tingling with her taunts—hot, angry as herself, Max needed no second bidding, but strode towards the door. There, however, with his hand on the latch, he paused to address her for the last time.

"You are obeyed. I am about to obey you, and I shall do so to the letter. Never from this hour shall your name cross my lips, nor will I try directly or indirectly to have further communication with the woman who holds me unworthy her trust."

A low sob broke from Letty; but she did not speak, and he went on.

"A traitor, am I? Then it is to my own self-respect! Where was that when I stooped to plead for the love of one who refuses to do me justice—who loads me with accusations I never merited? A coward, too, you called me! Ay, and I am one, and it is you who have made me so; but it is not what man can do to me that I have dreaded. It is for you I have been anxious and fearful; for your sake that I have grieved over my want of wealth and power, and felt no longer light-hearted and careless of what might be in store for me! Yes, for you, who have goaded and stung me till I hate myself for having borne it so long! Why did you save me from death, if it were to make me a miserable, hopeless man?"

Choking with emotion, he left her. It was the bitterest moment Max Haverying had ever known, and he felt as if death would have been preferable to the anguish of such a parting. It was not only her positive refusal to confide in him that maddened him; this he could have borne with till he had proved himself worthy of her confidence; but also the galling knowledge that it was to some tyrannous or unjust act of his kinsman's he owed the treatment he had just received; and, for the nonce, he was at war with the whole world, and ready to think that there was no truth or goodness left in it.

He put out his hand to guide himself by the wood-work of the porch, for so violent was his emotion that he seemed to have suddenly lost the power of controlling his limbs. One step forward, and then, blind and dizzy, he dropped on the rude seat the Lily had sometimes shared with him on happier evenings.

But he was not alone with his grief and resentment, as he had supposed. Letty, shame-stricken and penitent already, had swiftly followed him, and, sinking on her knees, she laid her little hands on his arm.

He shivered beneath the touch, light though it was, and averted his face; he could not bear that anyone should see how ghastly it had become; but he could not close his ears to the plaintive murmurs of her voice.

"Forgive me, Mr. Haverying; sorrow and trouble have made me as unfeeling and unjust as those I blame. I was mad to doubt you! I did not in my heart—how could I? If you are not good and true, who is?"

He made no reply. Perhaps he was still struggling with an angry sense of the injustice dealt to him, or it may have been that her words were now so sweet that he hungered for more.

"Will you not pardon me?" she softly pleaded. "I know that I can never—never forgive myself; that the memory of the bitter, cruel things I have been saying will always haunt me; but I should not be quite so unhappy if I could hear you promise to try and forget them. Will you, Mr. Haverying? If I could—if I did but know how, I would atone for all my unkindness! Ah, speak to me! Say that you do not hate me for it?"

"I could not hate you if I tried!" he answered, hoarsely.

"And you will endeavor to forgive me?" she pleaded.

"Nay, Letty; if these thoughts of me were on your mind, why should I blame you for avowing them?"

"But they were not!—they were not!" she cried, vehemently. "I have been taught by sad experience to be distrustful, and in my haste I said what I shall always regret—always! Will you not believe this?"

"I believe that you are too gentle and womanly by nature not to feel sorry when you have wounded the feelings even of a Penruan; but, when you have left me, will you not think me again what you called me just now?"

"I never think any but kind thoughts of you when I am away," she confessed, in tones that would have been inaudible to any one else.

"Then you contrive sometimes to ignore the fact that I am of a race so vile, that the mere misfortune of my birth makes you shrink from me as soon as we meet?"

The clasp of Letty's hands on his arm tightened a little.

"I do not shrink from you. If at one moment I have doubted you, the next has found me remorseful for my injustice. Ah! why cannot I recall my cruel speeches? Cannot you bring yourself to grant the pardon I am entreating? What shall I do—what shall I say, to win it?"

Max looked at her now, as she knelt in the moonlight. The widow's cap, that he so detested, had slipped off, and masses of golden hair fell about her pure, sweet face, and lay loosely on her shoulders.

"Letty," he said, as he looked down into her beseeching eyes, "I have been a stranger to my own kin till within these last few weeks; and though I am one of the Judas family, whom you think it a virtue to detest—nay, hear me out—it is very hard that their sins should be visited on my head, and by you."

"Oh, do not upbraid me any more!" she said, bursting into tears. "My heart is heavy enough already! Only tell me how I shall atone!"

"By loving me!" he whispered, as his arms stole round her slight form; even as I love you!"

"Ah! no, no! I must not—I dare not!" Letty began to remonstrate.

But her head rested on the breast of Max, and his lips were kissing away the tears upon her flushed cheek. What wonder, then, that, for some few blissful moments, they both forgot everything but their own happiness?

A cheery whistle was heard, and Letty, in great confusion, would have struggled out of her lover's embrace.

"It is Uncle Dan. What will he say if he finds me here with you?"

"Nothing but what I can answer in half a dozen words," was the manly reply.

"And he will declare that this is what he has feared all along, and that we must never meet again."

"Has he any right to lay such an embargo on you?" Max asked, with a resentful air.

"Yes; the right that being almost my only friend for years has given him. Let me go; I cannot encounter his chidings to-night."

"Why should he chide you for loving me? Because of this unfortunate relationship? Yes; I see it is! But you, Letty—you will rise superior to such prejudices?—you will not be taught to doubt me again?"

"Never!" she answered, emphatically; and he was better satisfied. But she repeated her "Let me go!" with more urgency than before; for Dan, with his fishing-tackle on his shoulder, was drawing near the cottage.

"How can I consent to part with you till I know when I am to see you again?" he asked, as, with reluctance, he permitted her to disengage herself from his embrace.

"It shall be soon—very soon. I cannot promise more," she said, retreating into the cottage, and snatching up her shawl in which she had been muffled.

It was aggravating to be obliged to know that even now she was leaving him in utter ignorance of her real name, and whither she was going; but Max saw that she was greatly agitated, and forebore to question her on those points. Still he could not help murmuring a little.

"It is hard to let you leave me thus. How do I know but what all the old suspicions will be reawakened by those about you, and our next meeting indefinitely postponed?"

"No one shall prevent my seeing you once more, although I warn you that it may only be to say adieu."

But Max was not to be discouraged now by such a warning, and he said so.

"While you have faith in me, Letty, I will not fear any such separation."

But she sighed, and, hurriedly bidding him adieu, would have flitted away, if he had not held her.

"Is that all you have to say to me? Will you not give me some kind words to dream upon?"

She hesitated; but Dan's foot was already at the gate of the little garden. There was no time to lose, and she let her head fall once more on her lover's shoulder.

"Promise, then, not to think lightly of me if I tell you something. You are quite sure you will not? Then bend down that tall head that I may whisper it: Dear, kind Max, let what may come to pass, you will always be dearer to me than life itself!"

Ere he could thank her for the confession—ere he could press the lips that uttered it—she was gone, and old Dan was at the door, disencumbering himself of his burden.

"What's, that thee, now, Master Haverying, all alone, and a'most in the dark? Ha' ye been waiting long?"

"The letter! Give me my letter, Dan, there's a good fellow; and let me go!" urged Max, who would not stoop to falsehoods, and was, therefore, anxious to avoid any questioning.

The old man fetched Letty's note, dusting it off with the cuff of his Guernsey, and gazing at it admiringly, as if his love for the writer embraced everything her delicate fingers had touched.

"There 'tis, my son! Will ye have a scrap o' paper to wrap 'ee in? Take care on 'ee, Master Haverying; for I'm bound to tell 'ee, 'tis first and last—first and last!"

"Why should you try to lay an embargo on Letty's corresponding with me?" the young man angrily demanded.

"'Bargo here or 'bargo there, my lad, 'tis no use your running foul o' me," said the old fisherman sturdily. "I ha' said my say, and done my dooty. I never did see the sense o' writin' letters. It's only puttin' on paper what's safest said in words, and carried no further; and so I'll ha' no hand in it after this."

"But you will not let me see Letty," Max remonstrated; "so what can I do but write to her?"

"I'll tell 'ee, lad. You can go away and let her alone. 'Tis about the best thing you can do for all of us."

"Thanks for the advice! When I'm content to be treated as a child, I'll follow it!" And the affronted Max stalked away, without further adieu, leaving the old fisherman in the porch, watching his receding figure, with many grave sighs and much shaking of his hoary head.

LETTY ENTREATS MAX'S FORGIVENESS.

CHAPTER XIV.

CONCERNING FAIR PLEADER, AND WHAT SHE URGED.

As soon as Max was descried crossing the grounds, Eleanor, who must have been watching for him on the terrace, threw her shawl over her head, gipsy fashion, and glided forward to meet him.

"How long you have been!" she exclaimed, reproachfully; "and I am dying for some music. I have found the duets we agreed to practice, and was getting quite out of patience at your delay."

"Could you not find a substitute for me?" asked Max, good humoredly. "Where is Captain Renton?"

"I am here!" said that gentleman, rising from a seat half hidden by some shrubs; "and at Miss Haydon's service. But I decidedly object to be recognized as Mr. Haverying's deputy, either for a song or a flirtation."

"We will have some glees!" cried Eleanor, hurriedly. "It will be quite a treat to try over some of the old favorites. Have you forgotten Bishop's 'Stay, prithee, stay,' Captain Renton?"

"Why not parody it, and say, 'Go, prithee, go?'" he retorted. "It would be more appropriate. Don't you think so?"

"Certainly it would!" she made answer. "So, gentlemen, I invite both of you to 'go, prithee, go,' to the piano, and not keep me waiting any longer."

Although Max would have preferred a quiet perusal of his letter in his own chamber, and Captain Renton was evidently in no mood for singing, it was impossible to avoid compliance; and Eleanor kept them both at the instrument till she herself became so hoarse that Mrs Penruan's maternal anxiety was aroused.

"My dear child, I forbid you to sing another note! Charlie, do take her music away. She will have an affection of the chest, or bronchitis, or something else horrible, and my poor weak constitution would quite sink under such a shock as her death would be. I'm sure I could not survive it."

Mr. Penruan looked round anxiously; but Eleanor answered with a smile. "Don't jump at such a terrible climax in so few words, please, mamma. I don't think I am in imminent danger at present. However, for your peace sake, I'll be mute for the rest of the evening, and play the looker-on, while Captain Renton initiates Mr. Haverying into the mysteries of zetema."

She brought forward the cards and markers; but Charlie Renton, with cold politeness, begged to be excused. He could not boast of any skill at cards, and, doubtless, Mr. Haverying was more than a match for him.

"Then, my cousin, you must be content with me as an adversary," said Eleanor gaily.

"More than content," replied Max, who was stung by the contempt of the young officer's voice and manner. "I shall be decidedly the gainer by the exchange."

So Captain Renton lounged on a sofa, apparently dividing his interest between a periodical and the game of backgammon Mrs. Penruan was languidly playing with her husband; but really within earshot of the couple at the card-table, and listening sharply to every word they exchanged.

They were, however, silent and abstracted, Max lending but little attention to Eleanor's explanations, and she confusing herself and falling into reveries so often, that at last, with a laugh at each other's blunders, they threw down their remaining cards, and arose.

"I worked too long in my garden this morning," the young lady observed, "and gave myself a headache; so, with your permission, mamma, I'll say good-night, and

try what sleep will do towards removing it."

But ere she left the room, Eleanor contrived to draw near to Max on pretence of restoring some books to their places; and whispered rapidly, "I must speak to you alone. I shall be in the library in five minutes."

This was the room that every one but Mr. Penruan appeared to avoid, and it may have been for this reason that Miss Haydon had chosen it for the interview. Perhaps Captain Renton heard her whispered speech, for, as she moved away, his eyes followed her reproachfully; and when she had quitted the room, he started up as if overcome with emotion or annoyance, and disappeared, bareheaded, through a casement that led to the garden.

Disturbed by the little bustle attending his rapid movements, Mrs. Penruan was seized with a fear that the rush of cold air into the room might lower the temperature too much for her delicate frame. So her maid was summoned, and leaning on her arm, she, too, said her "good-nights," and vanished.

Ere the Squire followed her example, he laid his hand on the shoulder of Max.

"I hope, my dear boy, that this naughty spoiled girl of ours is not trifling with either you or poor Renton. I can see that there is something amiss; but I won't ask what it is; I don't like meddling with young people. You know my thoughts already. Were I in your place, I would not lose such a prize."

"Miss Haydon has only a sisterly liking for me, Mr. Penruan," Max interposed, but he was heard with smiling incredulity.

"You are very humble, my dear boy; too much so. I think you might reasonably have more confidence in your ability to command something more than a sisterly liking. When I think what a wife Eleanor would be for you—what a bright ornament to your distant home—how thoroughly she would enter into all your pursuits—how delighted she would be to share them, I cannot help wondering to see you so calmly dallying with your opportunity."

"And would you be willing to give Eleanor Haydon to a man who has so little to recommend him as I?" exclaimed Max, dubiously.

Mr. Penruan smiled again.

"You are unusually scrupulous for a young lover. If you contrive to win my step-daughter's heart, do you think she will care whether I am or am not willing to sanction her bestowing her hand with it?"

Max did not answer directly. He did not choose to tell the Squire that he never intended to rank himself amongst the beautiful Eleanor's suitors, until he could comprehend why that gentleman so insidiously tempted him to do so.

"I have not thought much of marrying at present," he said at last. "And I have no notion of subjecting myself to a refusal. Will you excuse me? I have a letter to answer before I go to bed."

As soon as he had thus released himself from his crafty kinsman, Max went to the library. As he had anticipated, Eleanor was there before him, impatiently awaiting his coming.

"How long you have been!" she exclaimed. "Why have you loitered, when you might have known that I should be torturing myself with all sorts of doubts and fears? Where is Charlie Renton?"

"Thank you for giving me the key to the first part of your speech, which certainly puzzled me," Max retorted. "Your doubts and fears are not on my account, Miss Haydon. How grateful I ought to feel for such an avowal!"

"Don't taunt me," she said, coming nearer, and laying her hand on his arm. "I am unhappy enough, without you turning upon me too."

"My dear Eleanor, pray don't speak in that strain!" he answered, sympathetically. "I would not vex you for the world! What's amiss? How can I serve you?"

Some one opened the door as he spoke, and they started asunder; but not quickly enough to prevent the intruder from seeing the affectionate attitude they had assumed. It was Captain Renton, and for a moment he gnawed his lip savagely; then, with a studiously polite, "Pray don't let me disturb you—I merely came in search of a book," he took one off the nearest table, and withdrew.

Eleanor waited a few seconds, and then turned to her young companion, with troubled looks.

"You have been quarreling with him—with Captain Renton. Don't put me off with a denial, for I am certain of it."

"Very well," said Max; "then I'll merely say, in my own defence, that the dispute was forced upon me."

"What was it about?" she queried, in her most vehement manner. "Tell me; I insist on knowing."

"Then you must question Captain Renton. He can best tell you why he attacked me."

"I cannot do that; you know I cannot. He would think—ah!" and she concealed her burning face—"I am afraid to surmise what he would think. It is you who must answer me."

"Impossible!" said Max, his anger rising, as he remembered all the injurious speeches Captain Renton had hurled at him. "I may guess why he flew at me like a wounded tiger; but I know that I did not deserve the reproaches he levelled at me."

"He was hurt—mortified. Forgive him—promise me that you will forgive him."

"And permit him to give me the thrashing, of which he talked so largely, without venturing a word or look in return? If Captain Renton leaves me alone, I promise to be equally forbearing; but how long I shall be able to submit to such covert insolence as his manner betrayed to-night, I can't say. There must be a spell upon this place, for I have been provoked and misrepresented ever since I set foot in it."

Again Eleanor put her hand on the arm of the incensed Californian.

"You have been very good—you have behaved admirably. Cannot you exercise the same discretion for another day or two? He will not stay longer."

Max gazed steadily at Eleanor until her countenance betrayed that the cause of her anxiety was no longer her own secret.

"Dear little cousin, I'd do as much and more for your sake, for you have been very kind to me. But don't you see you are not acting generously by either Captain Renton or myself? In fact, you are placing us in a false position, and making us enemies, by your own injudicious proceedings."

"But I wish you to be at peace with each other," she answered, earnestly. "I want you to be Charlie Renton's friend. Poor fellow, he needs one more than he imagines! And you might have so much influence over him if you would but exert it!"

"You wish us to be friends, and you began by making Captain Renton horribly jealous of me!"

At the recollection, Eleanor burst into a fit of laughter. "How could I know that he would arrive at an awkward moment? It was such a situation, such a picture—you at my feet, with me in a theatrical *pose*—all unconscious of such a critical spectator; poor Charlie horror stricken; and my step-father, in the character of Mephistopheles, grinning over his shoulder! But what did it signify?"—and checking her mirth she drew herself up haughtily—"Captain Renton has no right to evince any displeasure at what I do!"

"Tush, Eleanor! don't take refuge in your rights," said Max, boldly. "He loves you, and you know it—you have long known it—and you are not using him well. Nay; don't be offended at my plain speaking. You gave me leave to be frank with you, and at the risk of vexing you still more, I must add that I cannot play the part you assign to me."

"What part? What do you mean?" she demanded, excitedly, struggling with her annoyance.

"I mean that Captain Renton mistakenly looks upon me as your favored lover, and that I cannot consent for him to be kept in this error."

"Undeceive him, then," said Eleanor, eagerly. "Do anything—say anything—only spare me the misery of knowing that I have contrived to set you at variance. All this long, wretched day have I been wandering to and fro, terrifying myself with the thought that you would meet me somewhere and renew the dispute."

"And this was why you met me on the terrace. But were those fears for me, pretty coz? Not a bit of it. What a self-denying, good-natured fellow I must be to know this, and endure the mortification patiently!"

"Indeed, I like you very much, Max! I would be extremely sorry if any harm befell you."

"Thanks for that much consolation. You like me very well, but you like some one else much better."

"I have not given you leave to make such free and easy comments on what I say," she responded, with a frown. Then her mood changing, she extended her clasped hands. "But I do throw myself on your mercy, cousin Max. Act for me as you would if you were my brother. Endure with poor Charlie's irritability, and try to win him into a better mood. Make him understand that he has not been as hardly dealt with as he imagines; and—and——"

"Whisper to him that the lady of his love is still fond and faithful—eh?"

"No, no," she replied, with a sob. "Tell him nothing of this, for I can never—never never be his wife. Persuade him to relinquish a vain pursuit—to go abroad—to marry another; to do anything but hope to win me!"

"Eleanor! has he offended you past all forgiveness?"

"He!" and a sob choked her utterance. "Poor Charlie! No, no! I had rather not tell you why I say this, but it is not connected with him. Captain Renton is a good, honorable young fellow, and I shall never cease to pray for his happiness."

But Max scarcely heard her last words. His eyes had accidentally fallen on that small side door, which had once before attracted his attention—the door that, if Eleanor spoke truly, led to the most ruinous part of the Abbey. As he gazed he heard the key gently turned, and the door was cautiously opened a couple of inches or so. Some one was eavesdropping; and, provoked at the impertinence of the act, he suddenly sprang across the room to drag forth the spy, and denounce such conduct.

But quietly as he moved, Eleanor was beside him ere he reached the door, and she seized the arm extended to push it open, thus giving the person on the other side time to close and secure it.

"What were you about to do?" she exclaimed breathlessly.

"Need you ask? Did you not see that some one was watching us? Must we submit to this kind of espionage?"

"Yes," she answered, significantly. "In Penruan Abbey, we learn to close our eyes, and hold our tongues. You are not very shrewd, Monsieur Max, or you would have discovered this already."

But Max was too angry to be appeased by the hint.

"I know that I am not going to have my actions pried into either by Captain Renton or Mr. Penruan himself; and I wish you had not interfered to prevent my saying so to whoever the person was that had been attempting it. How dare they act so dishonorably?"

"Hush, you impetuous boy!" cried Eleanor. You are laboring under a grave mistake. It could be no one but our old servant, who hearing voices here at this unusual hour, came to learn for herself who it could be disturbing her."

"Call the woman out, and let me satisfy myself that you are right," said Max, who had reasons of his own for doubting the correctness of this assertion. He could not forget what he had been told on a former occasion.

"Is not my word sufficient?" asked Eleanor, proudly.

"Not quite," was the reply. "You think this avowal rude; but you must bear in mind that you told me once this door led to the uninhabited part of the Abbey. How, then, comes this woman to be so close to it, while we are engaged in conversation. Why does she hide in the ruins?"

The young lady hesitated a moment; then, in a low, thrilling whisper, made answer.

"If I did not tell you precisely the truth, blame me not. That door must never be passed by you. Beyond it lies a terrible secret—the crowning shame of Mr. Penruan's evil life—the curse that clings to him, and makes even the gold for which he sinned a burden to him!"

Max recoiled a step, doubting his own hearing, and mechanically echoing those strange words, "*A terrible secret! The crowning shame of Penruan's evil life!*" But when he looked to Eleanor for some explanations, she shook her head mournfully, and glided away.

At the same minute, the lamp that stood on the table flickered and went out, and the young man hastily groped his way from the ill-omened door, which he had been so impressively told that he must never pass.

The mysteries were deepening, and Max went to his chamber thoughtful and perplexed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WOMAN'S LOVE.—A French woman will love her husband if he is either witty or chivalrous; a German woman, if he is constant and faithful; a Dutch woman if he does not disturb her ease and comfort too much; a Spanish woman, if he wrecks vengeance on those who incur his displeasure; an Italian woman, if he is dreamy and poetical; a Danish woman, if he thinks that her native country is the brightest and happiest on earth; a Russian woman, if he despises all Westerners as miserable barbarians; an American woman, if he has plenty of money.

How many troubles might mankind be spared if they would only stop to hear each others explanation!

CHARLES ELLISTON.

BY R. A. J.

"I must leave this place to-night; I can bear their marked neglect and open taunts no longer," said Charles Elliston; and he left the richly-furnished parlor, where, with some fashionable guests, sat Mrs. Merton and her two eldest daughters, and went forth into the garden. "Yes, I must go," he continued; "no one cares for me; and why should they for the penniless being whose very origin is unknown? Alas, how hard it is to be thus cast upon the world friendless, and beloved by none—none!"

And he buried his face in his hands, overcome with the intensity of his feelings.

"None, Charles!" said a clear silvery voice behind him, and a hand was gently laid upon his shoulder.

He started, and turning round said, "Yes, yes, Helen, pardon me; I spoke unthinkingly. You still love me?" he added, inquiringly.

"I do, Charles, and my father——"

"Yes, your father, my noble benefactor, Helen, he still loves me."

"Then why leave us, Charles?" she said, in a tender tone.

"Because, Helen, you know I have been already the cause of much dissension in your family—heaven forbid that I should be so any longer. And besides, Helen, you know what treatment I have received from your mother and sisters. I have borne it long, out of respect to your father and love to you, but I can bear it no more. I will go forth into the world in hopes of building up a fortune; and say, Helen, if I should be successful and return, will you——"

"I will love you still," she said interrupting him. "Oh, I will always love you, Charles."

"Farewell," said he.

And imprinting a kiss upon her rosy lips, he tore himself away. In another hour he had quitted that house, where he had spent so many happy days.

Charles Elliston was a dependent on the bounty of Mr. Merton. He had found him one day, when about four years old, wandering about the streets of New York, a lost child. He kindly took him home, and used every endeavor to discover his parents, but all to no purpose. Finding his inquiries were useless, he reared and educated him as his own.

Unlike her husband, Mrs. Merton was of a proud and aristocratic spirit, and could not bear one whose birth was so uncertain as that of young Elliston. She had diffused some of this spirit into her eldest daughters; but Helen, the youngest, like her father, possessed a kind heart, and looked with compassion and love upon the poor, though noble youth.

He was now about seventeen years of age, and the insults that were heaped upon him were felt severely. It is true, when Mr. Merton was present, none dare show the least disrespect towards him, but this only served to make him feel it more acutely in his absence.

It was on this very mentioned evening that a new insult had been offered to him, and he determined not to live another day where he was exposed to them. Nor would it have caused him one feeling of regret, had it not been for Mr. Merton and Helen; but however dear they were to him, he resolved to leave them. He left, too, without informing Mr. Merton, for he well knew he would insist on his staying, and he would not be the author of discord in that family, where dwelt the only two on earth he could call his friends.

It was near the close of a summer's day, that a steamboat touched the wharf of one of the Southern cities of the United States; and from its crowded decks poured a stream of weary travellers, eager to once again set foot upon the land. Among the last who stepped on shore, was a tall youth, with a valise in his hand, who walked slowly from the landing, and bent his way towards the shipping warehouses along the wharves. He was in search of employment. But, alas! he was a stranger, and had no recommendations.

With a dejected mien and sorrowful step, he was about giving up all hopes, when he came to a large warehouse which he had not before entered. He walked into the counting-house, where sat a gentleman, apparently about forty years of age. To the youth's inquiry whether he was at the head of the establishment, he replied in the affirmative.

"What do you wish, my lad?" he inquired.

"Do you want a lad to assist in your store? I have no recommendations to offer you, sir," he continued, modestly. "I have just arrived in the steamboat from the North, and have neither friends nor money. I cannot even pay for a lodging for the night."

And seeing the merchant looking incredulously at him, he could contain himself no longer, but said, imploringly, "Oh, sir, do not refuse!" and the tears trickled down his cheeks.

The merchant, touched by his grief, and convinced by the openness of his manner, hesitated a moment, and finally took him to his house. A few days proved the truth of the youth's story, and he was employed at once by his new benefactor.

In the course of time, he rose by degrees, until he became head clerk in the establishment of Mr. Thompson. He also, by his amiableness, became the favorite of the wealthy family of his employer, with whom he still resided. All loved him, and he loved them in return as father, mother and sister. For, although Charles (for it was Charles Elliston) thought that Emma Thompson was almost as beautiful as his own Helen, yet he still remained faithful to the latter, and could but think of the former as a sister.

Five years had rolled by, and he had now become proprietor of the large establishment, Mr. Thompson having retired from business.

One evening he was sitting in familiar conversation with the family, when Mrs. Thompson, after looking steadfastly at Charles, remarked how much Emma and he resembled each other.

"Yes," said her husband, "I have often observed it—they look as much alike as though they were brother and sister. Our Charles, poor little fellow, could not have been more like Emma."

"Your Charles? I never knew you ever had any child besides Emma," said he. "When did he die?"

"Would to heaven he had died!" exclaimed Mrs. Thompson; "then would I have known he was in heaven; but now, perhaps, if he is still alive, he is buffeted about by strangers, whose hard hearts can seldom feel like parents."

And then she gave vent to her feelings in tears.

"He was lost, then?" asked Charles.

"Yes," said Mr. Thompson. "About seventeen years ago, I and Mary, journeying north for the benefit of our health, to visit some friends in New York, took with us our little Charles, who was scarcely four years old, and then our only child. We arrived there in safety, and, after staying with our friends some time, set out on our return home. Anxious to prosecute our journey, we immediately, on our arrival in Philadelphia, took the steamboat to proceed without any delay. I went to see to the safety of the baggage, thinking that my Mary and Charles were in the cabin; but what was my surprise, when, on going into the cabin some time after the boat had left the wharf, to find Mary there alone. She thought I had Charles with me, and she swooned away when I informed her I had not. We searched the boat over, but no Charles could be found; and then it struck us that he had wandered on shore before the boat left the wharf, and, consequently, was left behind. How harrowing were our thoughts, to think that every minute the distance was increasing between us and our dearly beloved child! But there was a thought still more distressing. Perhaps he had fallen overboard unseen, and was drowned. However, I was determined, on arriving at New Orleans, and leaving Mary with her friends and relations, to return to Philadelphia, and spare no pains nor expense in trying to discover his fate; but the great mental excitement and bodily fatigue I had undergone, threw me into a fever on the way, and it was several months before I recovered. When I did, and arrived in Philadelphia, no trace could be discovered of our child; and never since have we heard anything concerning him. But, God be praised, Charles, he has given us a son in you!"

"But was there no mark by which he could have been known if he had been left behind, as you first supposed?" asked Charles, eagerly.

"Yes, there were scars of a dog's teeth on his left arm; and, besides, he wore a locket—a birthday present from his father—around his neck with '*Charles*' engraved on it," said Mrs. Thompson, with tears in her eyes.

"Then, father, mother," said Charles, baring his arm, and drawing from his bosom a locket which he threw into Mrs. Thompson's lap—"behold your long lost son!"

For an instant they stood amazed—the next, they were locked in each other's arms. Then turning to Emma, he for the first time pressed to his bosom a sister.

How different was his situation now, from the day on which he first set foot in the city of New Orleans. Then he was poor and friendless, with scarce a place to rest his head; now he was wealthy, surrounded by friends, and blessed with a father's, mother's, and sister's love. He could claim now, what her noble father would not have refused, even to the poor youth, had he asked it—Helen's hand; and even her proud mother would not object to receiving for her son-in-law, the heir of the richest merchant in New Orleans.

Mirth and music resounded throughout, and joy and gladness reigned predominant in the splendid mansion of Mr. Merton. It was the birth-night ball of his lovely and accomplished daughter, Helen, given on her nineteenth birthday, and the magnificent saloons were thronged by the youth, beauty and *elite* of the city. All paid willing homage to her fascinating charms.

At times, when she would mingle in the giddy whirl of the dance, a smile would play upon her lovely features; but when over, a melancholy expression would steal into her laughing eye, telling something was yet wanted to complete her happiness.

The evening was somewhat advanced, when Mr. Merton approached Helen, locked arm-in-arm with a young man, whose dark countenance, raven hair and eyes, and tall, straight form, indicated a native of the South.

"Mr. Thompson, of New Orleans, my dear," said Mr. Merton.

And then, after conversing a few moments, sauntered to the opposite side of the saloon.

"Who is that handsome young man you just now introduced to Helen?" asked Mrs. Merton of her husband.

"That is Mr. Thompson of New Orleans, the richest merchant in that city, and his father was before him. He arrived here but the day before yesterday. I was introduced to him yesterday, and invited him here to-night; and if the impression of his features is not felt on Helen's heart, which has hitherto been so callous, none ever will regret the disappearance of——"

"Your *protege*, Charles Elliston," said his wife, sarcastically.

Mr. Merton did not answer her; he only turned away.

At first, when the stranger was introduced to Helen, there appeared an air of embarrassment; but it gradually wore off, and he entered into conversation with his usual vivacity. In the course of it, she asked him if he had ever been in the city before. He replied that he had been, when he was about seventeen years of age, and that he had then become acquainted with several of his own age, whose acquaintance he highly prized. Among those he mentioned, was that of Charles Elliston, in particular.

As he pronounced the name, he bent his dark eyes full upon her, and perceived that she started, while for an instant, agitation was visibly depicted on her countenance. After a moment's pause, he continued: "But I have made inquiries since my arrival respecting him, and hear that he has returned the kindness of his benefactor, your father, with ingratitude, by leaving his house, and going no one knew whither."

"Oh, no, sir, do not believe that; it is an idle report. He had reason for leaving my father's house;" and her voice trembled, and a tear stood in her eye.

Just then a gentleman advanced to claim her hand for the last dance, and the conversation was abruptly terminated. Charles resigned her silently, but his heart was full.

It is strange how the lapse of a few years between youth and manhood will change the face and disguise the form; the slight stripling that a little while ago clamored on our knee, we can scarcely recognize in the full, stately form, and staid demeanor of the man. So it was with Charles Thompson; and no wonder Helen and her father could not see, in the rich merchant from the South, the poor lad, who, six years before, had left them with scarce a dollar in his pocket.

It was the morning following the ball, Mr. and Mrs. Merton and Helen were sitting in the parlor, the former two engaged in discussing some private affairs, the latter with her head resting upon her hand, apparently in deep thought. The servant entered, and handed Mr. Merton a letter. He opened it, and after having perused it for a few moments uttered an exclamation of joy. Both his companions looked up. Seemingly overcome with the excitement of some unusually pleasing news, he approached his daughter, and gently patting her on the cheek, said, "Come, come, Helen, dear, cheer up. Charles, our own dear Charles, has returned; he is in the city, and will be here in half an hour. Cheer up, my dear."

And he began to pace the floor.

"See here," he continued, as a splendid equipage drove up to the door, from which a young man alighted; "here is Mr. Thompson, too; how glad I shall be to introduce them to one another."

"I don't see why you should be," said his wife; "though, perhaps, your Charles, as you call him, may be as rich as Mr. Thompson. You know he left word that he was going to seek his fortune."

"And he hopes he has found it, madam," exclaimed Charles, who entered just at that moment; "thanks to an all-wise Providence that directed me to my father's house. It is Charles that stands before you!"

With a shriek of delight, Helen threw herself into his outstretched arms, and wept tears of joy on his bosom; while the old man stood motionless, but his eyes were wet, and his lips quivered, though not with grief.

When they had become somewhat composed, Charles related to them what had occurred since he left them. The joy that beamed in the swimming eyes of the delighted girl, as she hung fondly on her lover's arm, was only equalled by the tenderness with which he returned her look of affection. How deep was the bliss of that moment, making amends by its delight for the long years of doubt and absence. It was not long before Charles renewed again the boyish vows he had pledged to Helen, and the blushing girl listened, smiling and weeping by turns. Need it be added, that in a short time Helen and Charles were united, and that even the aristocratic mother smiled upon the union of her daughter with the *ci-devant* Charles Elliston.

CHARITY'S REWARD.

FROM A LADY'S JOURNAL.

In the first cabin of the steamer bound to Quebec, they dined sumptuously, and lived a happy, luxurious life.

In the steerage—Heaven have mercy!—how they suffered!

Millicent May shivered to her very soul when she thought of it, and wondered often why such things should be, why some were so rich, and some so poor; some so loved, and comforted, and cared for, and some so utterly alone, unloved, and neglected. Had she been able to act as she chose, there would have been a grand transformation seen in that dirty steerage very soon, and tables covered with choice dainties would have risen through the floor, and snow-white linen, and fresh, soft couches would have taken the place of the rags, and hard berths and general shabbiness and squalor.

But one girl, though she were a rich one, had little in her power on that desolate waste of waters. Still, that little Millicent did. She had in her possession biscuits, and conserves, and delicate dainties, prepared for her own comfort on the voyage; and thinking that at the cabin table she had all she needed, she played the Lady Bountiful with these small stores; choosing for her principal *proteges* an Italian woman and her gaunt children, who seemed to her to be most wretched of them all, and to whom, speaking the language well, she could make herself understood.

In vain her friends remonstrated; in vain the captain declared that he should forbid such dangerous work among the emigrants. Millicent had her own way. Once a day, at least, she penetrated into the Inferno below the comparative Paradise of her own domain, and fed those poor parched lips with her dainties, and comforted the mother, when her youngest lay at death's door, with her innocent sympathy. And the woman grew to love her, and the wan, but classical faces of the boys lit up when she approached. And when, with land in sight, the little heiress emptied her purse into the dark hand of the penniless steerage passenger, and made her, for the moment, rich and full of hope, she turned with severe earnestness towards her eldest boy.

"Never forget to pray to the Madonna for this beautiful Signorina!" she cried, "Remember it is all that you can do, and my dying curse upon you if you forget it!"

And with this fierce adjuration to her children, and a prayer that fell like liquid silver from her lips for the "Signorina," she parted from Millicent, who went to her beautiful Canadian home and her friends, saddened and softened by the scenes that she had witnessed, and who remembered them a long, long while.

She had given the woman her address, but the poor creature did not come to her. What fate befel her, Millicent did not know; and, in time, the memory of those well-cut classical faces, gaunt and meagre from starvation, but with a strange wild beauty about them nevertheless, ceased to haunt her—perhaps because one face had taken possession of her fancy, as one face will, sooner or later, of that of every woman.

John Blair, a young engineer and architect, had met her, had looked into her eyes, had touched her hand, had uttered those subtle compliments that win a woman's heart so easily, and though he was neither rich nor great, he was the one man of men to her. The wooing was brief, as happy woolings always are—or ought to be.

Six months from the day of their meeting, John Blair and Millicent May were married, and a happier pair would have been hard to find. They yielded mutually to each other's wishes, and consequently grew to have the same desires, so that at last no yielding was necessary. Only in one thing did Millicent prove herself obstinate—nothing could tempt her on an ocean voyage. A visit to his native England and a tour in Europe was John's anticipated pleasure; but her experience in crossing the ocean had made her averse to its repetition.

"Whether I saw them or not, the faces of the steerage passengers would haunt me," she said; "and I cannot endure the idea of setting foot upon an ocean steamer again."

So John, who had no wish to go alone, left the matter to the cure of time, who brought them few sorrows and much joy, and now and then laid upon Millicent's breast a little token of his flight; so that at last a boy almost as tall as herself called Millicent mother, and the nursery was musical with little voices.

Then, braver and older, and more willing than ever to do anything to make John happy, Millicent agreed to the European trip; and, leaving their little ones in the tender care of grandmamma and grandpapa, the married lovers took their places in a great ocean palace, and left land behind them, for a while at least.

"It might be," Millicent thought, as she remembered her darling babes with tears in her eyes—"might be for ever, if the sea were cruel."

But the sea was kind. No storms arose. They crossed the Atlantic in safety, and traversed Europe with none but pleasurable events, until at last they found themselves in Naples, and ready, one bright morning, to do, what all visitors to Naples must desire to do—namely, ascend Vesuvius.

They mounted their horses, and, led by a guide, ascended the mountain to a certain resting-place, where it is customary to dismount, and, leaving their steeds behind, trust to one's feet and the guide for further advancement. It is a somewhat perilous, and an extremely adventurous, ascent, but the result repays the effort; and Millicent forgot her unpleasant sensations when, standing near the crater, her husband's arm about her waist, she turned and looked upon the beautiful country below—Naples lying along the shore; the charming vale of Sorrento; the Bay of Naples, bluer and more beautiful than any other water in the world; the Isle of Capri; groves of orange trees, and the romantic palm and cypress clustering together in most perfect and graceful beauty.

"Is Heaven lovelier than this?" asked Millicent, clinging to her husband, and bursting, she hardly knew why, into a flood of tears.

But the guide did not leave them to their feast of beauty undisturbed. He made them do Vesuvius properly; peep into the crater, possess themselves of a piece of lava, witness the process of cooking an egg in the hot sand, and go through with the rest of the formula.

Then it seemed time to return; and John, glancing at his watch, counted the time that lay between them and their inn at Naples, and they began their descent. Suddenly, at a spot where some large trees enlivened the desolation of the rough road, the guide paused and uttered a cry. Before them, risen as it seemed from the very ground, stood a group of men—rough, savage-looking fellows, armed with guns, and wearing broad slouched hats—who, without further parley, surrounded them, and seizing the bridles of their horses, and tying the hands of the trembling guide behind him, led them away over the rough mountain roads in silence.

John Blair was no coward; but to endeavor to resist such a force would have been sheer folly in a single man. Booty, as he reflected, was probably their object, and his wife's safety was his first thought. Holding her hand in his, he comforted her as well as possible; and finally, with a sinking heart, obeyed the orders of one who seemed to be the captain, and dismounted at the entrance of an old ruin into which they were forced, but not over roughly, to enter. It was an ancient and dilapidated hall, with a fire burning at one end; and here their conductors left them for a while alone, fastening the door behind them. Then, and then only, the poor guide fell to wringing his hands and weeping, and imploring the lady and gentleman to pay whatever ransom was required.

"It is always a heavy one for Englishmen," he cried; "and if you refuse, your ears will be cut off and your noses slit, or you will be murdered outright. As for me I expect death. Some of these men are my enemies. I shot one of the band once in a quarrel."

And he began to pray to all the saints in the calendar.

Meanwhile, Millicent, overcome with terror, wept upon her husband's breast, and he found it impossible to comfort her. Indeed, the savage aspect of the men, and the accounts that he had heard of banditti outrages, left him little hope. Alone, he could have been brave enough; but his heart sank as he looked at his beautiful wife, and remembered the little ones at home. So, in a silence only broken by the prayers and complaints of the poor guide, they remained until the last rays of the setting sun faded from the narrow window, and darkness fell upon the room.

Then it was that they heard the sound of returning feet without, and presently the unfastening of a door. A figure entered, and going to the fire, which had nearly smouldered out, flung upon it some dry wood, which instantly kindled into a blaze, and by its flame lit two torches, which were thrust into sconces pendant from the wall. By this welcome light they saw that it was that of a woman, who seemed to have brought some food for them upon a sort of wooden tray.

She was old, and gaunt, and bent; but her features had a strange beauty about them, nevertheless, and awakened in Millicent's mind a memory too vague and indefinite for words. She had seen the face before; it might be in some of those old pictures at Rome—that brown skin, those classical outlines, that gaunt meagreness that seemed to blight what once had been beautiful. Yes, somewhere she remembered it. In another moment the truth flashed upon her, as the woman knelt down to deposit the tray upon the floor. She uttered a little cry; a shriller one responded to it, and the gaunt creature lay prostrate before her, kissing her garments.

"It is the Signorina!" she cried.

And Millicent knew the Italian woman of the steerage, whom she had succored so many years before.

"Then it is thus that Giacomo returns a benefit!" cried the woman. "My maledictions upon him! But he did not know you—he did not remember as I do. Wait! Have no fear! You are safe!"

Then another memory dawned upon Millicent; and, in the captain of these bandits, she knew the boy whose eyes had been fixed upon her face when his mother bade him pray for her eternally.

In another moment he was there, and Millicent knew they were safe. Bad as he must have been, a bandit and an outlaw, this Italian had retained his gratitude.

The kindness of the young heiress to the wretched emigrants had not been forgotten, and the man who had returned to his own land to lead a lawless life, had cherished her memory fondly in his breast. He fed them with the best he had to give, and prayed for them to the saints and the Madonna; and his own hand, red with many a man's blood, led them safely from the forest fastnesses to a spot where the lights from the city of Naples seemed to smile a welcome to them. There he bade them adieu; and the guide, overwhelmed with astonishment, conducted them back to their inn, where their tale was told to a little group of English and Italian listeners, who marvelled at it greatly, as well they might.

PRINCIPLE IN BUSINESS.

Entirely apart from all moral and religious obligations, principle is an absolute requisite to any great and permanent success in business. Let two men be engaged in any branch of trade, with the same external advantages, the one a conscientious, truthful man, the other unscrupulous, and a sharper; the man of principle will be the more successful. We do not think that a man can ever be entirely true to principle from mere considerations of self-advantage; but, nevertheless, if one's conduct were to be influenced by no other and higher motives, the upright course would always be found the politic one. The harvest reaped by fraud and dishonesty always proves temporary and barren. Any young man who sets out in life well grounded in sound principles, starts on the straight road to the largest success.

SYMPATHY constitutes friendship; but in love there is a sort of antipathy or opposing passion. Each strives to be the other, and both together make up one whole.

Beautify the Skin

By using a harmless toilet preparation known as George W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth." It will remove tan, freckles, moth, and all other disfigurements from the skin, leaving it perfectly smooth, clear and beautiful, without showing the slightest trace of its application. For sale by all druggists in the United States. Depot 5 Gold street, New York. Price 75 cents.

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

BY HARRIET E. BENEDICT.

They said that its waters flowed fresh and free,
In a fairy land o'er the deep blue sea;
That cubes gleamed from the fountain's side,
And diamonds flashed in its crystal tide.
They said that the shining streamlet rolled
O'er rarest jewels and sands of gold,
And that the wanderer who should drink
Of the waters that shone on its mossy brink,
Should renew his youth for evermore,
From the fount that flowed on that fairy shore.

And thither the travellers bent their way,
And they sought for the wondrous spring each day;
Their footsteps roved in the forest shades,
But they found it not 'neath its green arcades.
Long did they seek for its crystal urn,
'Neath emerald shadows of moss and fern,
Where bloomed rare flowers of radiant dye,
Under the beautiful southern sky;
Naught but the Indian's foot had pressed
The soil where they laid their heads to rest,
To dream at night that the search was vain—
To wake at morning, and hope again!

Listens my darling, with eager ear,
The wonderful ancient tale to hear,
Of the wanderers over the sea, who sought
For the Fountain of Youth, and found it not?
Vain was the quest—they never viewed
Its clear waves gleam in the solitude;
Never upon their raptured sight,
Beamed the wondrous spring with its waters bright.

Beautiful dream of the days of old!
If ever mine silver sand there rolled
A stream whose waters could wash away
The signs and tokens of youth's decay,
Render our faces like thine so fair,
Smooth from our foreheads the lines of care,
Clear the mists from the wearied brain,
Send new life through each bounding vein!

Thou hast strayed from its source, with thy childish feet,
Thou hast drank of the "Fountain of Youth," my sweet.
Thy cheek so fair, with its rosy tinge,
The light of thine eyes, 'neath their veiling fringe
Thy face, unshadowed by care or fear,
The merry gush of thy laughter clear,
Tell of the fount on that wondrous shore
Thou hast drank of once, but mayst never more.
Till time shall end, and is given to thee
Immortal youth in eternity!

A SMUGGLING STORY.

BY W. E. WILCOX.

One November evening last year found me, an elderly London lawyer, standing on the end of one of the two long piers which form the entrance to an important packet port on the south coast. I was not there that chill damp evening, wrapped up to my ears in coat and mufflers, and shivering all over with cold, by my own wish and desire; but I had run down from town to meet my second daughter, Lucy, who was returning from her Belgian school; and, the steamer being late, I had walked down to the end of the pier to strain my unaccustomed eyes with searching through the darkness of the quickly-gathering night for the lights of the Princess Hilda.

The little wooden lighthouse at the end of the pier was behind me, and its keeper had just illumined its ruby-red eye, polished it up a bit, and, now locking the door, and taking a long stare at me, was going home to his tea, leaving me all alone with the angry-looking sea, tipped here and there with white, growing less and less distinct as the gloomy November night came on with rapid steps. I strode up and down, stamping my feet to drive away the cold, and every now and then staring, until my eyes filled with water, into the comfortless darkness; but, in my restless anxiety, preferring even this to the dull coffee-room of the little hotel, with its library of time-tables and directories, and its gallery of insurance almanacs.

While I was peering intently in the darkness, a man came up and stood beside me, and looked out to sea. He was a thin, spare, middle-aged fellow, in a blue uniform, with gilt buttons, and a badge on his cap.

"The steamer's a little late, isn't she?" said I.

"Yes, sir, but she was delayed in starting. The Company have had a telegram to say so. She ought, though, to be here by this time."

"Whereabouts shall we see her lights first?" said I.

"Over yonder, sir," said he, pointing in quite a different direction from that in which I had been looking. "She'll throw up a rocket there first, and will be in harbor half an hour afterwards."

As he was speaking one of those sudden squalls which are so common at that time of year came racing past us, and the blinding rain beat upon our faces.

"You had better come into our watch-house for a bit, sir," said my friend; it's close by."

"Are you one of the Company's servants, then?" said I.

"O, no, sir; I'm a Custom House officer." And, walking rapidly on, he brought me to a neat looking small house, built just where the pier began to branch off from the harbor into the sea. Opening the door he showed me into a good-sized room lighted with gas, and with a capital fire blazing in the grate. On benches round the fire were three or four men dressed in uniform like my friend, and in a bed-berth hard by another man was snoring away in happy peacefulness, recruiting himself for his turn of night-duty. Over the chimney-piece were arranged, in an ornamental form, some exceedingly ancient-looking cutlasses and pistols—relics of bygone days, when the protection of the country's revenue involved many a bloody battle and desperate encounter.

"Get this gentleman a chair, William," said a companion; and one of the men went into another room and fetched a wooden chair, which he placed in a comfortable position by the fire, and then invited me to sit down. The officer who had brought me in then said:—

"You just make yourself comfortable, sir, and I'll let you know when the steamer comes; and, shutting the door, he went back to his gloomy patrol.

"I suppose you are well used to this sort of weather, my men," said I, by way of opening a conversation.

They each assented to this, and seemed amused at the idea that they should not be accustomed to it.

"A fine night for smuggling, I should fancy?" I went on.

"Well, sir, in old times it would have been," said one; "but there's no smuggling nowadays to speak of—just a little trumpery bit of baccy now and then, hardly worth taking—is there, Frank?" addressing the man opposite.

Frank, with an infinite disgust agreed to this.

"You see, sir," he went on to me, "these Liberals go on cutting down the tariff so, that there's nothing left now—just cigars and spirits, and so on. Not but what the ladies do their little bits of smuggling still, and dearly they love it too. Why, sir, to this day they're wonderful clever in concealing lace and French gloves, although there's been no duty on them for years. We often, when we're examining the ladies' trunks, find two or three pair of gloves in an old boot, or some lace, perhaps, sewed up inside a petticoat. We never says nothing, and they go home and tell their friends how clever they've been and done the Custom House."

"Still," said another man, who had been silent until now, "we do a bit of business now and then. Last year, sir, twelve casks of pitch came over in one of our steamers with a heap of other goods. They pour the pitch hot into the casks, and when it cools it's as hard as stone almost. Well, there was no examining the pitch except you took a pickaxe and broke the whole cask up. But our Collector invented a kind of augur that, with a little oil, went right through the pitch in no time. We tried these said casks, and in the centre of every one of them was a tin case with thirty pounds of good cigars in it—three hundredweight altogether—a very pretty haul for us."

"That was better than your drawing-room furniture, Jack," said a young officer to one much older, who sat on a bench near me.

"Never mind that," growled the old man.

"What is that?" said I.

"Well, sir, it's rather hard upon Jack there to tell it; but you see, sir, he was at a large port in the North, and a gentleman comes down to the office and says he was expecting what he called 'a sweet of drawing-room furniture—beautiful walnut wood,' he said—'and all for a wedding present for his sister, who was going to get married. Would they take great care of it? He'd be so much obliged, and any expense——.' They told him they'd look after it, but they weren't allowed to take anything. The next steamer sure enough, the furniture came, and a lovely set it was—such couches and easy-chairs and sofas! Well, sir, our men took the greatest care of it, and saw it all packed safely in the railway truck and sent away, and we shouldn't have heard anything more about it, only, at one of them large railway junctions, where luggage trains often have to wait for a long time, there was a policeman who'd served his time to a cabinet-maker, and he got wind of this furniture, and must get a look at it to see what sort of work them foreigners turned out. So he got to the truck, and took up a bit of tarpaulin and examined the couch, which happened to be at the top 'Pretty work,' said he to himself; 'but, my word, what a seat! they do stuff well over yonder there. It's a queer feel, though; I wonder what they stuff with.' Well, sir, his curiosity got over him, and he looks out to see if any one was coming, whips out his knife, and cuts a little slit where it wouldn't be seen, and pulls out, to his great wonder, baccy! Every bit of it was brimful of excellent baccy. So they seized the whole lot; but, lor, what a wipe it was for our men—Jack there, and his mates!"

"I've told you again and again that I had nothing to do with it," said the man angrily.

"Well, you was there, at any rate," retorted the other.

"They're clever fellows sometimes, sir," said another man, "and it isn't a disgrace to be taken in by them. D'you mind," said he to the other man, "that affair at Brinemouth, some years ago?"

"Ah, that was a start," said one of them. "You must know, sir," he went on, "that Brinemouth Harbor is something like this one. It has two long piers running out from the harbor, which is a good large piece of water. These piers are pretty close together, and the Customs had a watchhouse on each pier, and men always on the look-out, so that it was impossible for the smallest craft to get into the harbor without being seen. Well, sir, the Collector got an anonymous letter to say that the Sally, a well-known smuggler, was somewhere off the coast with a lot of tubs on board, and that they would certainly be run somewhere near. The coast-guard were all warned, and we had double watches on the piers, and you may depend upon it that we didn't go to sleep, for if we got these tubs it would be a jolly Christmas-box apiece. A day or two afterwards the Collector got another bit of a note, saying that the tubs would certainly be run that night. It was a darkish night, with a good bit of rain; very much such another as this, only not so squally. We walked up and down the piers and stared out to sea, and nothing whatever did we see until just after the town-hall clock had struck twelve, when we distinctly heard the beat of oars, and after a few minutes a four-oared boat pulled in between the piers, and, being hailed, came up to the steps under the watchhouse. One of the men told us that she belonged to the barque Esther, of Newcastle, from Sulina, with a cargo of wheat, which was lying out in the bay wind-bound. One of their men had got himself hurt and they had come ashore for a doctor. They'd find one, wouldn't they, in Bank-street? Did he know Brinemouth? He should think so; had lived here years ago. They'd better row right across the harbor to the steps. It would be better to do so than to walk around. Good night! While he had been speaking two of the men searched every inch of the boat, took up her flooring-boards, pricked her timbers all round, to see that there was no skin, searched all the men, but with no result whatever. A nice chatting they got all the time, I can tell you, sir. 'I say, governor, I've got a mighty big holler tooth, hadn't you better have a look into it?' and so on. Well, we came to the conclusion that she was what they said she was, and we wished them good-night, and they pulled away across the harbor, and were soon lost to sight and hearing in the darkness. About an hour after, the boat went out again with the doctor, for we saw another man in the stern. Nothing more did we see that night, and we went home in the morning grumbling at our ill-luck, and wondering why in the dickens the doctor didn't come back.

"That day a young gent, who lived a fast kind of life, came in to see our Collector, with whom he was acquainted. Says he, 'I saw a queer thing, last night.'

"What was that?" said the Collector, paring his nails.

"Why, I was coming along Hill-street about a quarter to two, and I saw about forty men, walking one after the other, and each with a couple of little tubs on his shoulders."

"The dence!" said the Collector, jumping up, and ringing the bell. "Send Mr. Dawson directly," said he to the messenger.

"Mr. Dawson was our tide-surveyor who help to rummage the boat.

"'Mr. Dawson,' said the Collector. 'the've run those tubs right under your nose.'

"When Mr. Dawson came to hear Mr. Joe Childer's story, he turned as white as a sheet, and was fit to drop.

"Well a great hue and cry was made, and the men were traced ever so far, but it was no go. They'd got the tubs into some place of safety, and neither our men nor the coast-guard ever got one of them."

"But how on earth was it done?" said I.

"It came out some time afterwards, through a friend of mine getting acquainted with one of the men. The whole affair was arranged by a very clever chap. He heard me and the coastguard had been warned, and were on the lookout, so he determined to run the tubs right into the harbor. From the stern of the gig of the barque Esther, of Newcastle, which we had searched so thoroughly, a stout cord was fixed below the water-mark. When the boat got to the landing far away across the harbor, and out of sight of us, forty men, who had come into town from different directions, and at different times, came quietly down to the landing. The cord hanging from the boat's stern after a time brought up a stoutish rope and this was followed by one stouter still. Upon this the men hauled silently, but steadily, and the forty tubs of best French brandy, which had been sunk just outside the harbor, were pulled in between the piers, under our very noses, and taken away into the country.

"I wonder the police didn't see them," said I.

"Ah, sir, there was the funny thing. That very night, by a curious coincidence, the police, two in number, from information received, went off to with a house on the outskirts of the town, which was to have been broken into that night. The odd thing was, that there was no attempt to break into the house at all. It was funny—wasn't it, sir?"

"Talking about the coastguard, they get done too sometimes," said another man. "I well remember, on the Kentish coast, some years ago, there had been many tries to run goods, but the coastguard were all so sharp that there was no doing any business at all. My brother-in-law, Jem Mason, was chief boatman on that station, and one hot summer day he was on the look-out with his glass, when he saw a boat coming towards the shore, from a smack which was standing off and on a good bit away. When the boat got within a short distance of the land, it turned sharp to the right, and began pulling along shore, and at the same time took his hat off and held it over the name on the stern, so that you couldn't read it with a glass from the land. When Jem saw this, he clapped his glass together, ran to the station, got two of his men to join him, and they began following the boat along the cliffs as hard as they could go. Well, sir, it is the very nastiest coast you ever saw, high cliffs and valleys between, and it was up one hill and down another, until when the boat turned into a sandy bay, about seven miles from the station, Jem and his mates had hardly strength enough left to go down and meet it. However, by taking a couple of minutes' breathing time, they did just manage to get down to the beach as the boat's keel touched the sand. When the men saw them they made an attempt to back her off, but Jem had hold of her, and they found it was no go. Jem felt well rewarded for all that he had gone through when he found three nice little brandy-tubs lying at the bottom of the boat. So he takes all four men into custody, and nicely they grumbled and growled over their ill-luck, and cursed Jem's sharp eyes and so on. The next thing was to get them all to the station, but when Jem proposed that they should bear a hand with the tubs, devil a bit would they. 'No,' says they, 'hang it all, they're your property now, and we haven't nothing more to do with them.' So at last, Jem having made them give him their words that they wouldn't run away—and little use it would have been, for they was all well-known to him—he and his two mates were obliged to hoist the tubs to their shoulders and carry them to the station themselves. The tubs held about six gallons apiece, and were no light weight to carry on a blinding hot summer's afternoon.

"Well, sir, Jem says he doesn't know to this day how he got over them seven miles, but at last, dead beat, they did just manage to crawl up to the station, and get those blessed tubs off their shoulders at last. It was only the thought of the share that would be coming to them of this seizure that prevented them from breaking down altogether long before they got home.

"As soon as they recovered themselves a little bit, they set to work to draw the bungs and measure the stuff. It turned out excellent quality, but not so strong as they hoped, for all three tubs were full up to the bung with salt water; and these three coastguardsmen had carried these fine samples of old ocean for seven miles along those awful cliffs.

"As soon as the bold smugglers had seen how well their trick had answered, they makes each of them as fine a bow as a French dancing-master, and walks off."

Just as this story was finished the watch-house door was opened, and a face shining with rain looked in and said:

"The boat's just in, sir."

Going out into the dark and dirty night, sure enough I heard the measured beat of the great paddles and saw the steamer's lights between the pier-heads; and in a short time, after much shouting, blowing off of steam, and active rattle of windlasses and cranes, she was heaved slowly alongside the quay, and among the cloaked and hooded passengers I soon found and bore off my little Lucy.

In looking after the examination of Lucy's modest trunk, I again came in contact with my hosts of an hour before, and was pleased to see with what consideration and judgment they performed their ungrateful duties.

As we rolled along to our London home, I amused Lucy by repeating the stories I had heard; and I here repeat them for the amusement of that public whose servants the actors in them are.

CARPE DIEM.

As one gets ever such a little older, one gets very much more disinclined to take much trouble, much physical trouble that is, about hobbies which once were ridden to death. A few years ago it was a pleasure to get up at two o'clock in the morning, and have six hours' fishing before it became necessary to get work at Blackstone and Chitty, and the endless writing of "common forms;" now I prefer keeping within the sheets until breakfast-time, and leaving fishing expeditions for legitimate holidays. So that, as holidays are not very frequent, and often necessarily taken up in other ways, and as fishing stations are distant, and not easily accessible, my hand is in danger of forgetting its cunning in wielding a fishing-rod. I do not so much miss my favorite sport, until, in an unfortunate hour, I get hold of a book of angling reminiscences, of which there are plenty, and reading in its pages vivid descriptions of days by the riverside, such as I used to experience myself, my fancy sets to work, and aided by memory, conjures up such delightful visions that at last I cannot sit still; the room, ay, and the town, seem to stifle me, and I long for a glorious ramble, rod in hand, as much as I ever did.

Following close upon the perusal of such a book, and the feelings awakened by it, I was pleased beyond measure to find myself possessed of a few days of leisure, and once more in the bonny borderland of Wales. I took care to make the most of my time, and seize the opportunity of renewing my acquaintance with some of those charming spots with which, as an angler and a writer, I had in times past, identified myself.

One day I spent in tracing the wanderings of the burn whence many a lusty trout had been transferred to my pannier. Another afternoon I set out for a carp pool, not *the* carp pool *par excellence* of our boyish days, but one nearly as good, where I had caught some six-pounders years ago. I walked to the place—it was two miles and a half away—burdened with three rods and a huge bagful of worms, intent upon slaughter. I neared the field, I crossed the hedge. I stood still and gazed in astonishment, I rubbed my eyes and looked again. *There was no pool there.* I walked round the field, and across the field, which was strewn with clumps of rushes. A peewit had laid four eggs on the very spot, as I calculated, where I had hooked my biggest carp. A small boy hove in sight. I seized him, and asked him where the pool had gone. He answered, "Whoy, mun, it hu' been drained dry these three years." I sat upon a gate and smoked four cigarettes, then walked home, my rods feeling twice as heavy as when I came that way.

I was to be recompensed, however, for my disappointment by a day at the carp pool on the hill at Craigyrhiw, Coed-y-gar, or Penycoed, for it goes by all three names, the first being the most proper. By accident I met an old friend from a distance, who, when he heard where I was bound to, offered to accompany me. I was glad of his companionship for more than one reason. He had affected to disbelieve my accounts of the big fish to be caught there, and this was an opportunity of vindicating myself from the charge of exaggeration. He got his rods and we started, pausing on the way to get a couple of small Melton Mowbray pies for lunch. My friend, whom I shall call A., left the commissariat department to me, and I, having just had a good breakfast, did not contemplate the possibility of becoming hungry during the day, so considered we should have quite sufficient to recruit ourselves with. Leaving the town, we passed under the beautiful avenue of limes in the churchyard, musical with rooks and sweet with the spring fragrance, and so on to Oswald's Well. Under a tree at this spot king Oswald fell in battle, and out of the ground afterward sprang water, said to be endowed with healing power. The well is neatly arched over with stone, and has an effigy of king Oswald at the back; but the latter offered too good a mark for the stones of the grammar-school lads to remain undefaced. Oswaldestree is now corrupted into Oswestry, or more commonly among the country people, Hogestry, or Oaistry. Just above the well is the present battle ground, where affairs of honor are, or used to be, settled by an appeal to knuckles.

Crossing Llanvorda Park we enter Craigvorda woods, at once the most beautiful and picturesque of the many similar woods on the borders. The ground is mossy under foot, the trees meet overhead, glossy green ferns pave the noble corridors, which have for pillars straight and sturdy firs and larch, and for a roof the heavy foliage of interwoven sycamore and oak. At intervals the chestnut too lifts its gigantic nosegay of pink and white and yellow flower-spikes, and near it, out of some craggy knoll, the "lady of the forest," the silver birk bends tenderly over the masses of blue hyacinths below. "The shade is silent and dark and green, and the boughs so thickly are twined across, that little of the blue sky is seen between;" but there is no lack of blue under foot, for the hyacinths seem to have claimed the wood as their own property, and shine like a shimmering sea of blue between the tree stems, quite putting out of countenance with their blaze of color the modest violet, growing by the side of the runnels leaping downward to join the noisy brook.

We crossed the Morda, a purling trout stream, out of which you may easily basket a score of trout in the spring; up a lane, the banks of which were crowded so thickly with spring flowers, starwort, and other snow-white flowers, deep-blue germander speedwells, red ragged-robins, and wild geraniums, monkshood, daisies, dandelions, and buttercups, that the green of the leaves and grasses was quite absorbed and lost in the brighter hues; up and up, until our legs began to ache, and at last we came to the crest of the hill, in the hollow a few feet below which, lay the tarn, gloomy enough, but weirdly beautiful. The water itself looked green from the prevailing color of the rushes and flags, and the deep belt of green alders, which grew half in and half out of it all round.

"Look," I said, "there are two herons, a couple of wild ducks, with their young brood just hatched, twenty or thirty coots and waterhens, and some black leaves sticking up out of the water, which are the things we are after."

"What do you mean?" asked A.

"They are the back fins of carp."

"A.'s rods—he had two, as I had—were put together with remarkable quickness. I took it more leisurely, and watched him searching about for a place to cast his line in, with some amusement.

"I say, how are we to get at the water?" he cried.

"Wade." But this he was averse to doing. He found a log of wood, and pushing it out beyond the bushes, where it was very shallow, he took his stand upon it in a very wobbley state, with a rod in either hand. I took up my position a short distance from him, and we waited patiently for half an hour without a bite. Suddenly I heard a splash, and looking round, saw that A. had slipped off his perch, and was half-way up to his knees in water, with a broken rod and a most rueful expression on his face.

"I have lost such a beauty."

"Serves you right. You can't pitch a big carp out like you could a trout. This is the way—see." I struck at a decided bite, and found that I was fast in a good fish, which, after a lively bit of splashing and dashing about (the water was only knee-deep, though so muddy the fish could not see us,) I led into a little haven or pond where the inmates of a cottage in the wood came to get their water, and lifted him out with my hands, a tidy fish of three pounds in weight. In about a quarter of an hour A.'s float moved slightly. He was all excitement directly. He had never caught anything larger than a half-pound trout. Some minutes elapsed before another movement took place." "He has left it," said A.

"No, he has not; don't move; you will get him presently."

Then the float, or quill, gave a couple of dips, then in a few seconds more moved off with increasing rapidity. "Now strike." A. did so, and soon landed a carp of two pounds. From that time we had steady sport throughout the day. Every quarter of an hour one of us had a bite; and although we missed a good many through striking too soon, our respective heaps of golden-brown fish (very few of the carp there are at all white) grew rapidly in size.

As we were coming back from a small larch tree where we had found a beautifully-constructed golden-crested wren's nest, suspended from the under side of a branch, A. suddenly clasped me round the middle, and gave me a very neat back throw. "Hullo! what's that for?" I exclaimed, considerably astonished as I sat on the ground.

"Your foot was just poised over that beggar," he said, pointing to a big brown adder, which was gliding away like an animated ash stick.

"Ah, thanks; there are too many of those fellows here."

We had eaten the two pies, and as four o'clock drew near we got mighty hungry again.

"Just hand me over another pie, old fellow. Nature abhors a vacuum," said A.

"I haven't got any more," I answered.

"Not got any more? Oh, dear." After a pause, "I *am* hungry." In a little while longer A. started off, saying, "You mind my rod while I am away. I am going foraging for food. I'll try and catch a rabbit, and eat him alive, oh! I've been meditating upon those fish, but I don't like the look of them."

He was gone for about half an hour, during which time I had landed three fish. When he came back he had the countenance of a man who had dined well. He said to me:

"Go as straight as you can through the wood in that direction, and you will come to a cottage where there is plenty of hot tea, a loaf of bread, and some butter awaiting you. I never dined better in all my life, and I forgive you for only bringing two pies."

I obeyed his directions, and the tea certainly was refreshing, although I could not get any sugar with it.

It was time to be going. We counted our fish. I had eleven (my usual number at that pool, by the way,) and A. had ten, most from two to three pounds each, but one or two heavier. We selected the best, and as many as we could conveniently carry, and gave the rest to some cottagers.

From the shooting-box, which is at the top of the hill, and is, by the way, in a state of dilapidation, we had a most magnificent view, one well worth the walk to see. It was a view which embraced Shropshire, Cheshire, Montgomeryshire, Denbighshire, and Merionethshire. In the vividly green valley below us the little village of Llansilin slumbered, scarcely noticeable were it not for the dark and massy yew-trees in its churchyard.

From the rocks farther on we saw a pretty sight. A fox was standing on a stone, and on a sloping slab beneath her five cubs were sprawling and gambolling about like a lot of Newfoundland puppies.

Presently the vixen trotted off a little way and lay down; and while we were watching her a rabbit popped out of his burrow, and came several yards towards Reynard without seeing her. With one bound fox was upon bunny, and the pair rolled over and over down the hill. The captor then slunk off with her captive, not to her young ones, but to a quiet hole in the cliff, to have a gorge all by her greedy self.

In a hollow tree in the cliff we found three jackdaw's nests, each with four eggs in; and we were amused at watching a woodpecker tapping away at a tree. The noise produced was like that made by drawing a stick very rapidly over some wooden palings, and quite as loud, or even more like a watchman's rattle worked rather slowly. A curious spectacle was presented in the lane on going home. It was a warm, damp night, and every dozen yards or so a glowworm exhibited its eerie light, and each successive one seemed to shine more whitely and brightly than the last.

The day was done, its pleasure seized, and—no, not gone, for a pleasant memory remains wherewith to delight myself, and perchance please my friends, among whom I would fain number all angling readers.

STREET THOUGHTS.

BY A PHRENOLOGIST.

Walking down the street in a thoughtful mood, I find myself thinking of the people I meet. Many and varied are the faces around me, people of all classes and conditions, each one intent on their own plans and purposes.

Here come two middle-aged ladies, chatting by the way, discussing very earnestly their day's shopping in view. Now come two little girls, dancing along, brimful of joy, careless and happy. Pass slowly, oh, Time! Let the days of the happy child life be long and many.

Next comes a sad-faced lady, robed in mourning garments, which mutely tell of the loss of dear ones. She is leading a little boy by the hand, striving to interest him; and as I pass them, I hear the sweet voice pleading, "Be happy for my sake, dear mamma," which is answered by a flood of tears under the thick crape veil, and the instinctive clinging closer yet to the little hand within her own. Oh, mother-love! strongest, purest of all, willing, glad to endure, without thought of self, for the life dearer even than its own.

Just before me is an old man, white-haired and bowed with age, staying his faltering steps with the staff in his hand; and as I pass him, I glance at the pleasant face, and notice the smile wreathing the thin lips still. And I wonder if it is hard to be old—to know life is almost done. And this thought comes to me, "As life is spent so shall the end be." If wasted, there must be unavailing regrets; if well spent, there is that consciousness of nearness to the joys unspeakable that are waiting.

Just by me are two gentlemen walking arm-in-arm, one of whom is emphatically a business man. Business flashes from every glance of the eye; business speaks in every turn of the head; and the amount of business details that flow from his mouth is astonishing. I should say that he is a stock-holder. His companion is a diminutive, shivering little man, who abhors business in every form, and to whom the remarks of his business friend give no pleasure.

And now my attention is attracted to a lady by my side, of some forty years, whose very step indicates her independence of all mankind. That she is a spinster, I know by her general appearance. She has long arms; she is tall and thin; she has sharp eyes, sharp nose, and has a sharp, fierce look generally. The cares of neighborhood scandal have left their lines upon her brow, and her lips are thin from constant using. Ah, good morning! She has stepped into a hair-dresser's. I noticed there were three distinct colors in her chignon, and the little prim curls were hung around it.

Don't think I don't like old maids. I do have a great regard for them. It is these cross, prim, selfish, gossiping old maids that I despise; and I knew this was one of them.

Ah, here comes a literary gentleman. That he is literary I know by the roll of manuscript he carries in his ink-stained fingers, and his preoccupied appearance as he hastens along, intent upon devising some new scheme by which readers are to be instructed and amused at the same time.

But my walk is ended, and I am home at last. Good morning.

CHEERFULNESS.

It is a cosmetic which tones the heart, and places boquets all over the countenance. Cheerfulness, like most other talents and merits, is, to a very large extent, the subject of voluntary culture, and the preservation and development of it should be looked upon as a duty which we owe alike to ourselves and to society. Those who, like the generality of men, have been in the custom of yielding up their tempers as vanes to be blown about by the shifting courses of fortune which way they will, would be surprised to know how much the lustre of the outward scene may be affected by the light within our bosoms. We may set our spirits to cheerfulness, and keep them so, independent of the condition of outward circumstances. And this is the true dignity and happiness and piety of man, to live above the shifting and dashing tides of the world's incidents and humors—to bring our natures into harmonious union with the great permanent type of human excellence. Cheerfulness quenches blows, it blunts arrows, it rounds the edge of the sharp sword, it secures pure breathing in the foul air, easy digestion, and sound slumber.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

TO KEEP MOTHS, BEETLES, &C., FROM CLOTHES.—Put a piece of camphor in a linen bag, or some aromatic herbs, in the drawers, among linen or woollen clothes, and neither moth nor worm will come near them.

RED DYE FOR IVORY.—This may be done by imbuing the ivory first with a solution of nitro-muriate of tin, and then dinging it into a bath of Brazil wood, cochineal, or a mixture of the two. Lac-dye may be used with still more advantage to produce a scarlet tint. If the scarlet ivory be plunged for a little while in a solution of potash, it will become cherry red.

COCOA-NUT CAKES.—Ten ounces of sifted sugar, three eggs, six ounces of grated cocoa-nut. Whisk the eggs until they are very light; add the sugar gradually; then stir in the cocoa-nut. Roll a tablespoonful of the paste at a time in your hands in the form of a pyramid; place the pyramids on paper, put the paper on tins, and bake the cakes in rather a cool oven until they are just colored a light brown.

TO PRESERVE PEARS.—Take pears not quite ripe and peel off the skins. Prepare a syrup with three-quarters of a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit. Melt it and boil for half an hour, removing all the scum that rises. Put in the pears and let them boil for ten minutes, or just long enough to soften a little; then take out and cover tightly with paper wet in whisky or alcohol, and cover with another paper placed over the mouth of the jar.

LONGWOOD OMELET.—Beat the yolks of three eggs, add one teaspoonful of melted butter, two-thirds of a teaspoonful of flour, two-thirds of a cup of milk, and a little salt and pepper. Beat the whites very stiff, pour the mixture over. Do not stir, but only break up the froth slightly. Butter a heated frypan, put in three teaspoonsful of the mixture, slipping from the top to the bottom. As it browns on the under side, roll it over and over, and place it on a hot dish to serve. This is a good breakfast dish.

GRAHAM BREAD.—Make a sponge with white flour, as for white bread. When light, add two spoonfuls molasses, enough to give the sponge a golden color. Then with a strong wooden spoon stir in the unbolted flour until quite stiff, but do not knead it. Set it aside to rise. When light, mold it into loaves with as little kneading as possible, or, better still, beat it together with the strong spoon and pour out into the pans to rise once more. Be very careful that it does not get the least sour. Bake it in a quick oven, but not hot enough to scorch.

SARSAPARILLA.—Take of sarsaparilla root, sliced, four ounces; boiling water, four pints. Macerate for four hours in a vessel lightly covered, and placed near the fire; then take out the sarsaparilla, and bruise it. Return it again to the liquor, and macerate in a similar manner four hours more, first adding of raspings of guaiacum wood, bark of sassafras root, liquorice root, bruised, of each one ounce; bark of mezereon root, three drachms. Finally, strain. It is commonly given in conjunction with some mild mercurial pill. The dose is a quarter of a pint, repeated three or four times a day, or half a pint twice a day.

WARTS.—The common situation of warts is the hand; sometimes they are produced on the face, and less frequently on other parts of the body. Their cause is unknown; but from their frequent occurrence in schoolboys, dirt may be supposed to have some share in occasioning them. The treatment of warts is to pare the hard and dry skin from their tops, and then touch them with the smallest drop of acetic acid, taking care that the acid does not run off the wart upon the neighboring skin, for if it do, it will occasion inflammation and much pain. If this practice be continued once or twice daily, *with regularity*, paring the surface of the wart occasionally, when it gets hard, and dry, it may be soon effectually cured.

SHERBET.—Large quantities of this wholesome and refreshing preparation are manufactured and consumed every summer; it is sold in bottles, and also as a beverage, made by dissolving a large teaspoonful in a tumbler two-thirds filled with water. Ground white sugar, half a pound; tartaric acid, carbonate of soda, of each a quarter of a pound; essence of lemon, forty drops. All the powders should be well dried; add the essence to the sugar, then the other powders; stir all together, and mix by passing twice through a hair sieve. Must be kept in tightly-corked bottles, into which a damp spoon must not be inserted. All the materials may be obtained at a druggist's. The sugar must be ground, as, if merely powdered, the coarser parts remain undissolved.

PLUM BUTTER.—Mrs. H. B. H., Goleta, California, writes to the *Inter-Ocean* the following recipe for plum butter: Look over the plums, discarding the bad ones; then wash them. Put them in either a tin or porcelain vessel and pour in hot water to cover them, but leave out the soda. Boil until the skins crack; drain off, and measure the water; put it in a tin pan or porcelain kettle with a pound of white sugar to every pint of plum water; boil and try it until it jells. I sometimes put in a little lemon extract while hot. You will find you have the clearest, nicest jelly you ever saw, and the easiest made. While the jelly is boiling, if you have time—but don't neglect your jelly and let it burn or boil over—you can rub the plums through a colander for your butter.

TOMATO SOUP.—Take two quarts of fresh, round tomatoes, scald and peel, without breaking; do not cut or fork them. Put into a porcelain kettle, or fire-proven stone vessel, add two quarts of boiling water, and a teaspoonful of salt, and set on the fire or in the oven, cover, and let them stew slowly three-quarters of an hour. Mix two tablespoonfuls of flour with a tablespoonful of butter, or a teacup full of good cream, which has been boiled, stir into the soup, and let it boil together 10 minutes, and dish up with small thin slices of well toasted bread. Be careful to let the tomatoes remain whole, as you would oysters. A teacupful of grated corn added to the soup when you put in the flour, etc., will be an excellent addition, and render the imitation of oyster soup more complete. Simmer the corn only 10 minutes, if it is fresh and full of milk.

CUCUMBER PICKLES.—Wash sufficient cucumbers to fill a three-gallon jar; put on them a teacupful of salt, and cover them with boiling water. Let them stand over night, then pour off the water and wipe the cucumbers dry. Then put them into a brass kettle and cover them with vinegar; add a piece of alum the size of a hickory nut. Heat gently; do not allow them to boil, but keep them warm for three hours and then pour off the vinegar, which will be worthless. Put the cucumbers into a jar, and then take fresh vinegar and heat to boiling in a brass kettle, adding spice, mustard seed and pepper to taste. Skim and pour it while boiling hot on the cucumbers. Let stand for 24 hours, then pour off and boil and skim the vinegar, following the boiling of the same vinegar for three successive days. Then pour it on the cucumbers and set aside ready for use. Good cider vinegar should be used.—*Western Rural.*

BAKED FISH.—Scale and wipe dry inside and out, a two or three-pound fish. Make a stuffing as follows: One pint of grated bread; two tablespoonsful of melted butter; pepper and salt to taste; one raw egg; a little celery salt; one onion, chopped fine, is to my taste an improvement, but can be omitted if not liked. Care should be taken not to wet the bread crumbs; the egg and melted butter will moisten sufficiently. Tie over the fish thin slices of salt pork; fill a dripping pan half full of hot water; then, if you have not a wire grate, place the gridiron on your pan, and, after laying your fish on the gridiron cover all with another pan; bake in a hot oven till the pork is well shrivuled; then remove the upper tin, allowing your fish to brown. One and a half hours will cook thoroughly, if a steady fire is kept. Sauce for same: Take half a pint of milk and the fish drippings mixed; a little salt and pepper; mix until smooth, two ounces of butter and two tablespoonsful of flour; stir into liquor when boiling; have ready a hard boiled egg, chopped fine, to add when ready for the table.

The following Tribute to Gouraud's ORIENTAL CREAM is from the plastic pen of the late gifted ADA CLARE, and was published editorially in the Leader:—"The famous Dr. GOURAUD, of Broadway, has invented an ORIENTAL CREAM which resembles delicate enamel, and which has the merit of permitting the face to be washed, and then the cream be reapplied. This, I believe, is perfectly free from anything injurious to the skin, and is invisible—in fact, preferable to all the preparations advertised for the purpose." GOURAUD'S ITALIAN MEDICATED SOAP cures Tan, Tetter, Pimples, Scalp Diseases, Moth Patches, &c. GOURAUD'S LIQUID ROUGE gives pale lips and cheeks a delicious rose stain. GOURAUD'S LILY WHITE surpasses the imitations in quality and quantity. GOURAUD'S Depot is 48 Bond Street, New York, and druggists.

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
1821
FOUNDED AUG 4TH A.D.
1876

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

With Premiums.

For **$2.50**, the POST one year and Mounted Chromo, "De Soto and the Discovery of the Mississippi."

For **$2.25**, the POST one year and Unmounted Chromo.

For **$1.50**, the POST 3 months and Mounted Chromo.

For **$1.25**, the POST six months and Unmounted Chromo.

Without Premiums.

For $2.00, the POST for One Year.

For $1.00, the POST Six Months.

CLUB RATES.

Four Copies, one year, $7.00.

Six Copies, one year, $10.00.

Ten Copies, one year, $15.00.

Twenty Copies, one year, $25.00.

An extra copy free to any one getting up a club of ten or more.

Subscriptions can begin or additions be made to clubs at any time.

In all the above cases, postage will be paid by the publishers.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Payable in Advance.

Fifty cents per line of space, Agate measurement, for each insertion.

SPECIAL NOTICES, 75 cents per line.

READING NOTICES, $1.00 per line.

Address all orders and make all drafts payable to BENNETT & FITCH,
720 SANSOM STREET,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Saturday Evening, October 21, 1876.

NOTICE TO EXCHANGES.

Each number of the SATURDAY EVENING POST *is duly copyrighted, but all are welcome to freely republish any articles in its columns, provided that due credit be given to this paper.*

IMAGINARY TROUBLES.

The greatest troubles are those which never come upon us. With a strange perversity at times almost everybody torments himself with the shadows of the future, imaginary evils often without the slightest substance. As a child looking out into the darkness fills it with frightful shapes of horror, so looking into the darkness which envelopes the future, it is easy to conjure up phantoms and shrink before them. Now although the troubles which are thus imagined and feared, seldom come, the suffering endured from them is yet real, and is worthy sympathy, which is not often shown.

"Oh, he's only got the blues; it's only imagination," is the careless remark, as though for that reason the anguish were less keen and not worth considering.

A few words to such sufferers and their friends may be of service. In most cases physical weakness is the cause of the difficulty. Dyspepsia is well-known as prolific of hypochondria. The reaction following over-excitement or stimulation, leaving the system nervously depressed, is usually accompanied with gloomy forebodings. When in vigorous health, the nerves and muscles delight in activity; they welcome occasions for exercise, and threatened difficulties are welcomed as challenges to an encounter which will call forth strength. The first inquiry of a dispirited man should be what has reduced my health? What excess has been indulged in, what strain has been put upon the system? Overeating, overwork, undue excitement, some such cause will be readily found and should at once be remedied. Don't ask "what shall I take?" It is easy to take something which will temporarily excite the nerves and give apparent relief, but this will only be followed by worse exhaustion. Just at this point thousands learn the fatal habits of opium-eating or alcoholic stimulation, and with flickering life go down to certain despair.

Nature is full of forgiveness, theologians to the contrary notwithstanding; stop sinning against the laws of health, and she will begin to bless with new life. It may require a long struggle to overcome the habits which have brought on melancholy results, but if they have not gone too far, if the vital organism is not yet exhausted, patient continuance in well-doing, will be rewarded with the returning of hope, the banishing of forebodings and the sunshine of peace and content.

SUICIDE AS A FINE ART.

Blowing out one's brains, hanging, drowning, swallowing Paris green, etc., etc., are too common and too thoroughly out of all proper consideration for the feelings of others to be other than thoroughly vulgar. No gentleman will allow himself for a moment to contemplate such a possibility, and such a contingency will never occur to a real lady. There are better modes than these; more polished weapons than the pistol or the halter; methods just as certain and carrying with them no reproach before a critical world.

There are the knife and fork. They may be and are constantly used with the most deadly effect, and yet without any unseemliness to shock the taste of the most refined sensibility. Let these be vigorously used early and late, especially late on the artistic creations of skillful cookery as developed in first-class restaurants, and with proper precaution not to indulge too freely in exercise and fresh air, and without awakening the suspicions of one's most intimate friends, one may go on steadily to the desired end and have the whole transaction referred approvingly to the dispensations of a wise but mysterious Providence.

Almost any dry-goods store will supply the ladies with exquisite apparatus for carrying out the desirable end of bringing life to a respectable close (it is generally supposed they only furnish people with respectable *clothes*, but this is only part of the truth). There are cords to be drawn tightly, not around the neck, but neatly arranged in a garment to be hidden from public gaze, to bring unknown pressure on the heart, lungs, and other vital organs, so that the fair one may pine away gracefully like a lily drooping upon its slender stem, and finally repose so fair in the embrace of death as to need no flowers for adornment.

Architects, furnace builders, and plumbers often show consummate skill in furnishing facilities for respectable suicide by wholesale. In short when we consider that less than one in ten of the race reach the number of years designed for and allotted to the growth, maturity and enjoyment of humanity, there are certainly abundant means provided for hastening to the end of life without the shocking appliances which outrage all the better feelings and consign one to an immortality of vulgarity.

SHALL WE TELL "FIBS?"

There is a habit prevalent among many people, who have a passion for telling wonderful stories, of embellishing their narrations with such improbable facts, as exceed the limits of credibility.

This is sometimes ironically termed *stretching;* and by an habitual indulgence of the practice, the moral faculties become so blunted and imbued with turpitude, as scarcely to be sensible of the significance of truth when it is told. A man may tell a falsehood so often that its very recurrence will deceive his mind into a belief of its verity. The desire of telling a good story frequently induces a man to supply defaults in a narrative with expletives that are entirely false, and, hence, many persons, otherwise well-meaning, incur the charge of "fibbing."

By contracting such habits, the use of language is in a great measure defeated, for the proper design of speech is to communicate the knowledge of truth. If one relates as true what he knows to be false, he deludes others into error, and, when repeatedly detected, justly forfeits all claims to confidence. Falsehood in whatsoever garb attired, be it joke, anecdote, or quiz, is still at variance with truth, and, therefore, an evil.

These things, however, pass current among us—innocent falsehoods some may term them, or "white lies," according to the wag's vocabulary, but, if they are told with the intention of deceiving, are they not *real* lies; and as such deserving of the condemnation of every sound moralist? If in any shape falsehood be pardonable, it is that which is told out of pleasantry, in order to ridicule those who are notoriously habituated to the practice, by surpassing them in their own way, i. e. *outlying* them. However, there is only one right way of speaking, and if one cannot give utterance to a thought without the introduction of falsehood, it is better far to court always the protection of judicious silence.

TRUE GREATNESS.

True greatness is the offspring of real goodness. No man can be truly great without being really good. The one is inseparably connected with the other.

As the moon is to the sun, so is greatness to goodness; each receives light and beauty from the other. That which is usually called greatness, we think lightly of, because it is only an empty sound. It is generally associated with those good, but misused, words, power, glory, and wealth.

Princes, heroes and capitalists are its representatives; and the mean, the idle and the sordid are its worshipers. We do not deny that many belonging to these classes have possessed those elements of greatness, which are beginning to be recognized and appreciated by society; but we may safely say that many of them have been strangers to such elements. How many, who have sat on thrones, commanded armies, and wielded millions of money, have embodied in themselves every feature of vice and wickedness! Their deeds oppressed humanity and their names are a blot on the pages of history. They were personifications of evil; patterns of vice and crime; and their memories will be loathed by the latest posterity.

The standard by which men have usually been measured and pronounced great is a false one, and we rejoice that it is gradually growing into disuse. Men should be valued by their mental and moral worth. The riches of the mind and the wealth of the heart are the principal elements in that greatness that should be universal. The peasant in his cottage may possess more true greatness than the prince in his palace. Genius may inspire his mind, and virtue inflame his heart; nobility may be impressed on his brow, and beauty beam in his eye; the voice of praise may sound in his ear, and the pen of the historian record his works of faith and labor of love; and whilst his princely neighbor, whose only boast is of power, wealth and ancestry, is a plague-spot in creation, he can truly say: "I am creation's heir; the world is mine!"

ANSWERS TO PRIZE PUZZLES.

No. 1—Two one one Two
$1000,000, D D E E.

No. 2—E E D D e e.

No. 3—A E E A O O.

No. 1.—To owe any one too much money is followed by despair of ease.

No. 2.—Two great ease is followed by despair of ease.

No. 3.—There are two ways. The narrow way leads to ease, the other to woes.

BELIEVE always that most people are not half so good as their friends represent them, nor half so bad as they are painted by their enemies, and you may be certain that you will derive many important benefits from it.

DON'T FORGET THE OLD FOLKS.

BY ULMA.

Don't forget the old folks,
Love them more and more,
As they, with unshrinking feet,
Near the "shining shore."
Let your words be tender,
Loving, soft, and slow;
Let their last days be the best
They have known below!

Don't forget poor father,
With his failing sight,
With his locks, once thick and brown,
Scanty now, and white;
Though he may be childish,
Still do you be kind—
Think of him as years ago,
With his master mind!

Don't forget dear mother,
With her furrowed brow,
Once as fair, and smooth, and white
As the driven snow!
Are her steps uncertain?
Is her hearing poor?
Guide her gently till she stands
Safe at heaven's door!

Don't forget the old folks,
Love them more and more,
As they, with unshrinking feet,
Near the "shining shore."
Let your words be tender,
Loving, soft, and slow;
Let their last days be the best
They have known below!

CARRON BAY.

"Far away in Sunnie Scotland,
Down beside the sea."
—WHYTE-MELLVILLE.

To the west, sea and sky, flooded with sunset glory; to the north and south, wide sweeps of bay and rock and sandy shore. Southward rise the blue hills that catch the gold and crimson from the west, and fade slowly into misty gray.

The fishing town lay quiet between the hills and the sea, the evening stillness making the few sounds of life distinct and sharp—the bark of a dog, the ring of hoofs upon the hard road, the slow splash of waves upon the sand.

This is Kiltyre; one street and a good harbor. Beyond it, westward, a quarter of a mile across green links and sand-hills, another bay, shut in with a wall of rock on the side next Kiltyre, and a rocky cliff topped with short fine grass on the other—this is Carron Bay. Here, on the highest ground, stands Carron lighthouse.

Three cottages stood back upon the shelving ground, terraced and ridged like a Roman lamp.

Highest and farthest from the sea stood old Bell Fraser's house; it had neither garden nor outbuilding, but stood out upon the fine grass of the links; and all about and around lay the nets spread out to dry, heaped in bundles or hung on stakes.

A little lower, to the right and left, were the other two cottages—broken boats, casks, and creels lay about upon the shore; coils of rope and brown and amber sails gave token of the business of the little community cut off from the village by the screen of rock and a stretch of yellow sands.

Seven souls in the three cottages—three women and four men.

In the one, Bell Fraser, her young son and her daughter Christina; in the next, another daughter of Bell's, Mary Ann Sandys, and her husband; David Stewart and Jock Herries in the third.

The last was a comparatively new-comer, having returned from a cruise with Stewart a year ago, and, suiting one another, they had kept house together ever since.

David brought him to Mary Ann Fraser's wedding, where there were no guests but the dwellers in the bay, and no stranger but the minister's from Kiltyre Manse.

"Ye'll stop the night," David had said as Jock Herries prepared to row the minister back to Kiltyre that evening. He asked nothing better; Kirsty Fraser had occupied his mind and his eyes a good deal all day, and he was glad of an excuse to see more of her.

"I'll stop till the morn anyway," he said, and trampled back through the heavy sand with Kirsty's young brother, past Stewart's empty house, and Mary Ann Sandys' new home, to Bell Fraser's open door, where the light shone through the windows and met the moon's rays on the threshold-stone.

"Come ben, Maister Herries," called the old woman from within; "come ben and sit in Merran's place. I'm missing the lassie, though she's only across the way."

So he sat down in the widow's house and cheered them with talk of far-off places, and the ways of strange people in countries where his sailor's life had led him. And all the time he looked into Kirsty Fraser's eyes that never saw him, and did his best to charm the ears that listened only for the return of David Stewart, and the splash of his oars in the bay.

This was a year ago, and Herries was still in Carron Bay.

To-day, the anniversary of John Sandys' wedding-day, was the last of Kirsty's girl-life.

To-morrow the boat was to fetch the minister, and there would be another wedding in Bell Fraser's house, and she and the lad would be left alone.

No separation though; only the transplanting of Kirsty to "David Stewart's."

The three women and a neighbor from the Hill farm were alone; the men had been out at the fishing for three days; they were to return that evening with the tide.

Merran Sandys and the neighbor woman were in her own house, the former so near her confinement that she was regretting Kirsty's wedding had been delayed so long.

"I'm wishing she hadna waited sae long," she said to her friend. "I'm feared I'll be laid up the nicht; I'd be sorry to miss the marriage. I wish John was hame."

"They'll be hame the nicht, my woman, dinna fash."

"I'm no fashin', but I'll be glad to see the boats in this day; they sud be in by eight o'clock, wi' the tide. I wish Jock Herries would gan fishin' farther off, and let the men come back their lane."

"What for would ye hae him awa', puir lad?"

"I dinna like him; I'm afeared o' him whiles."

"Hout, woman! feared o' the like o' him! a rale bonny face like yon, and douce too; not that I ken much o' him—there's Mistress Fraser comin' in bye."

The handsome old woman stood in the doorway, the drought catching her broad mutch frill, that stood up like a white framework to the keen, fresh old face. She came in and closed the door. Merran sat in the window with her work in her lap, with long glances out to sea.

"Where's Kirsty?" she asked presently.

"She's ben the house, sorting her bit things," said the mother, placidly knitting.

"She's no' in the house, nither. Wha's yon doon by the rocks?"

The two women, startled at something in Merran's voice, went to the door.

A man's head was visible for a moment above the low rocks. Kirsty's slight figure stood clear against sky and water on the hill-path. A flutter of her striped petticoat, and she too disappeared.

"Wha's yon? the man?" said Merran, with a terrified face and white lips. "Gang afther her, mither! Jeanie, woman, rin till the high rocks!"

The other two looked at one another amazed. What was there to alarm them in the sight of Kirsty, or a man from the "tither side?"

"Het's my lassie; what for would I gang after her? Are ye daft?" Bell sat down and knitted vigorously at her blue stocking, but Jean Burnside went out.

"The creetur's got somethin' in her heed," she thought; "maybe she's no' sae far wrang."

She ran quickly up the rocky path and looked down upon the other side. In the curve of the bay, amongst the wet rocks, stood Kirsty Fraser, the bride to be, her hands behind her, her cheeks flushed scarlet, her attitude defiant, her voice loud and clear. Jean heard every word.

"It's no' the first time, Jock Herries, but it's the last," she heard her say. "I'd hae been David Stewart's wife the same if ye'd never came nigh Carron, or if ye'd come wi' a thousand pounds. I said it nigh a year syne, and I say it the day. Ye've been a fause friend to David, and ye'd have me as yersel. Shame till ye, Jock Herries!"

Jean slipped behind the rocks. She did not like to leave the girl with this man, who seemed to have roused her anger, and whose own face looked lowering.

"As ye like, Kirsty," he said at last; "as ye like. But as sure as the tide is rising ye'll never be David Stewart's wife while there's water in the bay."

Silence, now, but for the sound of the ripples on the sand and the cry of the gulls round Carron Point. Then Kirsty's voice, slow and distinct upon the air.

"Gang yer ways, Jock Herries. I think ye'd best not show yer face again in Carron. Yer no friend to David, and ye can be no friend o' mine." She turned to mount the path. Herries was following, but he caught sight of Jean Burnside's broad face, and went off with an oath down the shore—they watched him together as he put off in his boat.

"Whaur's he gangin'?" said Jean, looking after the boat. "He's makin' for Carse Island. Auld Peter's yonder the day. I'm thinkin' yon's his boat."

"Jean never say onything o' Jock's comin' here. He went wi' the men. I canna think what brought him in sae early. I wish he'd never come nigh Carron. He's been a sair trouble to me this lang while, Lord kens."

"Was he courtin' ye in Davie's face, the fulish lad? My certy, if he'd kenned—"

"He kenned weel eneuch; but he kenned *me* too, Jeanie."

"Ay," assented Jean.

They met old Bell at Merran's door.

"Merran's no sae weel, I'm thinkin."

"Is you, Kirsty?" Merran called from the house.

Kirsty went in.

"It's a' richt," she whispered as she passed her sister's chair. "He's gane."

"We'll hae our tea here wi' Merran. She's wearyin' for the boats the nicht, and it's Kirsty Fraser's last tea-drin', ye ken."

They laughed together presently, these women who knew no partings in their simple lives—a world in themselves in the little bay. They talked together over their tea and got ready the supper against "their men" came home.

Kirsty went to and fro as the evening darkened, returning now and again to see how Merran was, or to show some trifle of wedding gear.

"They should be hame by this time," said anxious Merran about eight o'clock.

The bay was like liquid silver in the moonlight now, the hills in the darkest shadow, the rocks standing out black against the purple sky.

The three women stood at Merran's door. "Guide sakes!" cried Jean suddenly, "the light's oot!" Three faces, white in the moonlight, were turned to the lighthouse—dark for the first time in the memory of Kiltyre. Merran threw up her hands with a wail, and went crying into the house. Kirsty followed her.

"Eh, Bell, woman," said Jean, with awed looks, "what's come to auld Peter?"

"Lord kens."

The old woman shaded her eyes and looked anxiously out to sea.

"Rin to the hill, Jeanie, and see if ye can see the boats."

"There's nathing yet," shouted Jean from the height.

"Is there naebody on the sands? They would surely miss the light in the toon."

"There's nathing moving, except it's the kye."

Bell returned to the house.

"Kirsty and Merran, my lassies, dinna greet the noo—time eneuch for that. We maun licht the lamp, if so be we can get in till the tower. Bring matches, any way."

The two started, climbing the steep hill in silence; the other two stood with sick hearts at the cottage-door, watching for the boats to break into the silver streak—the boats now far behind their time.

Bell and Jean reached the light-house, to find the heavy door close shut. They knocked and shouted vainly. Where was the old man who had never failed in his duty all these years? Was he inside, dead or living? They could do nothing there.

"So light as it is, no harm could happen the boats."

"Wha kens? Missing the light, wha kens what harm might come till them? If the night keeps clear, weel and gude. But whaur's the auld man?"

They returned weary and anxious to the house. Another and another hour. The silver path had shifted silently westward; the night was utterly still, not a cloud in the violet sky, not a sound beyond the lapping of the water on the shore. The light-house stood dark and silent, like a blind sentinel unarmed and useless at his post.

The four watchers had ceased even to talk together. The brave old woman's face was grave and still; she had no more cheering words to say. The tide had risen and turned; the men had not come home.

There was not much in the delay itself. A specially good fishing, a change of wind, and other chances had often kept back the boats; but that *their* boat should be late to-night, on the eve of David's wedding, and with wind and tide in their favor and only themselves to please—what could keep them? The question was in Merran's white face and strained eyes, in Jean's restless movements, in old Bell's silence.

But Kirsty stood out alone upon the rocks with a growing terror at heart.

Was there more in it than chance or delay? Was Jock Herries with them, and was there some treachery?

"Ye'll never be David Stewart's wife while there's water in the bay." The words came back with new meaning. With an awful sickening fear she went back to the house.

They were moving about. She could see the shadows flitting to and fro across the uncurtained windows.

"Eh, puir Merran," she said to herself. "Is *that* it, puir lass?"

That was it. Merran was moaning in her pain.

"To think my bairn may never see its faither!" she gasped. "O John! O John, my man!"

The poor soul rocked herself, wailing aloud in her pain and fear.

"My woman, they'll come yet," said Bell, but there was no hope in her voice.

"I'll stop the night," said the kindly neighbor. "Merran's trouble's nigh hand, I'm thinkin', and ye'll be glad o' company, and all the men away."

All their men. Bell's keen old face grew sharp with sudden pain. All their men out there upon that silver sea—son, brother, husband, lover, friend. As the thought glanced through her mind she rose up and took Kirsty by the arm.

"Come oot yonder, my lass. Ye saw Jock Herries the day?" she said inquiringly, as they stood outside. "How cam' he here at all? Mak' haste."

Kirsty told her.

"The black villain! He's in't, Kirsty, sure as death."

"Lord help us! Eh, mither, can we do nathing? Would it be him stoppit auld Peter, think ye, to prevent him lighting oop? I wouldna say."

"If we lit a fire, maybe it 'ud mislead them; and it's as light as day."

"O, what's best to do—what's best to do?" cried poor Kirsty, clenching her hands in the despair of inaction, which is the direst of all.

Old Bell shaded her eyes and gazed seawards. Not a sail on the clear line of the horizon; not a speck between them and the far hills beyond Kilquhair. The untroubled silence mocked them.

"It's light the noo, but it's late, and the moon'll no last. We mun mak' a fire on the hill; it'll maybe bring folk frae the toon, and they'd go seeking for the men. Did they tak' all the boats?"

"Na, only John Sandys' and Davie's; the tither's laid oop in the harbor. Just the twa."

"We'll mak' a fire on the cairn; it's the highest place, and nearest the tower any way."

They gathered all the wood they could carry in the creels, and climbed to the high ground; half a dozen journeys were made before they had built up sufficient to make anything like a bonfire that could be kept up.

"Mak' it small and keep it even; dinna pet on a' the wood at yonce."

"There's nae mair to bring," said Kirsty at last wearily, as the flame shot up high and bright. "Lord send they see it!"

"Keep it oop, lass. Will ye stay and feed it, or will I?—yun o' us mun fetch mair wood."

"There's nae a stick left but the auld boat, and I canna fetch *that* my lane."

But Merran and Jean Burnside had seen the light upon the rocks, and came out to the door. They understood it at a glance.

"Eh, Merran, dear lassie! gang in bye—dinna fash," called out Bell from above.

But Merran went down to the water's edge in silent disregard. "I'm better the noo," was all she said; and Kirsty and she were breaking up the old boat with hatchets, and carrying the planks up to the fire for the next hour. The occupation was intense relief to these anxious hearts.

"The wood's done," whispered Jean. "Eh, Merran, woman, come doon!" for Merran's strength was spent, and she leant against the rock with a moan.

"O, dinna let it doon! keep up the fire if we burn our bed," she wailed.

The flame flickered and sank, and rose in fitful jets, and in the moonlight Bell saw figures running across the sands from the village—black specks at first, then sounds and voices of men and women, who came nearer, toiling through the heavy sand, over the links and up the steep rock-path; shouts now, and friendly voices calling:

"Wha's wrong?" "Is you Mistress Fraser?" "Is the licht gane oot?" "Whaur's the men?" And a dozen more questions.

In five minutes more half a dozen sailors and fisher-folk were speeding back to Kiltyre to haul out boats and make search for the missing men.

They knew which way to go. If the men had kept to their intention they would be at Beaton that morning, due at Ferris Harbor by four P. M., and should have passed Kiltyre, and been home by six or seven o'clock.

It was now midnight, and they had made no sign.

The neighbors and the two women kept up the blaze upon the heights—a forlorn hope, maybe, but it was a comfort to do what little they could for "the men." They burnt their chairs, their creels, the straw mats and baskets one by one, the net stakes, the mattresses from their beds,—they spared nothing of their own, but they touched nothing belonging to the absent men. They broke up the flag-staff, they burnt up all they could lay hands on or remove. As the blaze rose and fell, Kirsty flew to the edge of the high rock.

"A licht! a licht!" she cried, with outstretched arms. "See yonder, on Carse Island."

They saw it, a tiny glimmer that burnt a moment and went out. Another, then once more, and all was dark.

"A light on Carse!—where there's nae living soul, and never a boat nearer than Kiltyre!"

Two men ran down the rocks and fled across the sands. They lost no time; not twenty minutes later a boat shot out from the harbor. A black speck it seemed from Carron, and could be traced making sure way to Carse Island. Five minutes or less lost within its shadow, then speeding steadily towards the bay.

"There's twa in the boat."

"Na, there's mair—three or four."

Another long stroke, and the watchers on the land can hear the oars strike the water, and the men's voices. Ah, whose?

"Whisht!" says Kirsty, on her knees upon the cliff-edge, her hair pushed back with both hands, listening and looking with every sense and nerve.

The boat shoots into the silver flood; it holds three men—the two Kiltyre sailors and old Peter Muir. Kirsty rises and walks away into the dark.

Bell sits down silent on the ground.

The rest run down to meet the boat. They talk, and question, and wonder. Next minute they are all about the fire, explaining, shouting, denouncing.

"The blackguard—the black villain!" shouts old Peter. "He landed frae a Ferris boat about sax, and says he, 'I'll just tak' yer boat, Peter I'm gaun to Carron wi' a message frae the men; an' I'll be back wi' anither boat in tow. I'm gaun on to Niddry Point, and maybe I'll join Davy Stewart afore nicht.' I did object till his takin' the boat, but ye ken he was no' a stranger. And noo I'm just ruined, an' my carakter clean gane. The licht hasna failed in yon lamp since the tower was biggit; and I'm daft to be havering here." And he went off to his neglected post.

Nothing more had he heard or seen of Herries or his boat; and the unhappy old man had spent miserable hours upon the lonely island, with visions of disgrace and dismissal on the one hand, and starvation and death on the other, the dark lighthouse standing in sight upon the farther shore to mock him. A few matches found in his pocket had at last brought him aid.

Jean Burnside kept vigil with poor Merran in her "trouble," which had come in earnest now.

Above, on the high rocks, the little group kept weary watch. The lighthouse shone out once more like a red planet among the white stars. The fire died out upon the cairn, the many tongues grew quiet, as fatigue and failing replaced excitement. They stood about, whispering or silent.

Bell and Kirsty spoke no word.

The village clock, heard all across the bay in the stillness, struck one. Kirsty rose up shivering, and sat down again vaguely. Old Bell came over to where she crouched by the dying fire.

"C'way in, my woman," she said; "if worse trouble's to come we can bide it best our lane. No' that I'm no' thankful to all that helpit us the nicht," she added, with simple courtesy to the neighbors, "but them that's sailors' wives and mithers'll ken—" her voice broke. "And it's no' ane or two, but all our men."

She took Kirsty by the hand like a child and led her away. As they stood upon the high ground, with a parting look to sea, there was a shout and a wild cry from some one, "A boat! yonder it is!"

Kirsty and Bell stood speechless. The men ran down to the shore. One or two women joined Bell and Kirsty on the heights. Old Peter came down from the tower and mounted to where they stood.

One boat.

She came onwards, nearer, nearer, till she sailed into the wide track of moonlight like a ship in a dream, every sail set, slow-moving, laboring, it seemed as if weighted; and clear in the white radiance five figures on her deck. All their men, for whom the sad night-watch had been kept with saddest hearts, come home.

Not yet. They shout as they come nearer and haul in the sails. The men on shore shout back to them, and still in the broad silver path, and making little way, they watch her in breathless silence till she turns landward.

Then upon the quietness comes the men's voices clear and strong:

"Wool may the keel row,
The keel row, the keel row."

Kirsty tries to join in, and breaks down in passionate sobs. Bell stands firm and sings the old refrain with a quavering voice. They take it up below, a strange and joyful chant, that ends in an awful cry. The boat has lurched ever so little, righted again, settled and gone down before their eyes!

Not fifty yards from shore, in no storm or gale, without a ripple on the silver sea, in their desired haven, with a song upon their lips.

Nothing for a minute but the same broad track of light upon the water; then a man's head is seen, then another, then two struggling figures clutch and grapple and go down. One swims nearer and nearer; the men on shore rush down into the water and swim to meet him, but he flags and sinks before they reach him. They rescue one—Bell Fraser's youngest lad, but he never speaks again.

* * * * * * * *

They carry Kirsty Fraser into the house where Merran Sandys lies sleeping, and a new-born child is crying whose father will never come home.

The old mother walks steadily into her own house-place and shuts the door. Little Alick, her youngest, lies there drowned and dead.

They are all gone—their men—husband and sons—Merran's husband, and Kirsty's "man."

Three o'clock. The wind changes a little later, and the water dashes up the rocks in the south-west wind. With the tide's return they watch and wait for the bodies.

Jock Herries is first washed on shore, David Stewart's red handkerchief grasped in his dead hand.

Later they try for the wreck, and the scuttled boat is hauled up the sand.

Jean Burnside tells her story, and the boat tells another; but the lips are silent that could make or deny the charge that is on every tongue from Carron to Kiltyre.

"And men suspect, and women weep
And wonder, but the sea keeps secrets well."

The houses in the bay have other tenants now—fisher-folk as before—and children are born, and women wait and watch for their "men."

But Bell and Kirsty have gone away, two desolate and silent women, with Merran's little child; for its mother "went home" with her husband that night, and she knows, with him, the secret of the sea.

FRANCIS BACON.

BY WILMER H. JOHNSON.

Lord Bacon, the youngest son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, who held the great seal of England during the first twenty years of the reign of Elizabeth, was born at York House, his father's residence in the Strand, January 22, 1561. His health was very delicate, and to this circumstance may be partly attributed that gravity of carriage, and love of sedentary pursuits, which distinguished him from other boys. He left the University at an earlier age than that at which most people repair thither. While yet a boy, he was plunged into the midst of diplomatic business. Thence, he passed to the study of a vast technical system of law, and worked his way up through a succession of laborious offices to the highest post of his profession. In the meantime he took an active part in every Parliament; he paid court with the greatest assiduity and address to all whose favor was likely to be of use to him; he lived much in society; he noted the slightest peculiarities of character, and the slightest changes of fashion. Scarcely any man has led a more stirring life than that which Bacon led from sixteen to sixty. Scarcely any man has been better entitled to be called a thorough man of the world. The founding of a new philosophy, the imparting of a new direction to the minds of speculators—this was the amusement of his leisure, the work of hours occasionally stolen from the Woolsack and the Council Board.

Bacon died the martyr of experimental philosophy. It had occurred to him that snow might be used with advantage for the purpose of preventing animal substances from putrefying. On a very cold day in the Spring of the year 1626, he made the experiment. He bought a fowl, and with his own hands, stuffed it with snow. While thus engaged, he felt a sudden chill, and was soon so much indisposed, that he died after an illness of about a week, early on the morning of Easter-day, 1626. His mind appears to have retained its strength and vivacity to the end. He did not forget the fowl which had caused his death. In the last letter that he ever wrote, with fingers which could not steadily hold a pen, he did not omit to mention, that the experiment of the snow, had succeeded "excellently well." From the day of his death, his fame has been constantly and steadily progressive, and there is no doubt but that his name will be named with reverence to the latest ages, and to the remotest ends of the civilized world.

THE SAILOR'S CONSOLATION.

BY WILLIAM PITT.

One night came on a hurricane,
The sea was mountains rolling,
When Barney Buntline slewed his quid,
And said to Billy Bowline:
"A strong nor'wester's blowing, Bill;
Hark! Don't ye hear it roar now?
Lord help 'em, how I pities them
Unhappy folks on shore now!

"Foolhardy chaps as live in towns,
What danger they are all in,
And now lie quaking in their beds
For fear the roof should fall in.
Poor creatures! how they envy us
And wishes, I've a notion,
For our good luck, in such a storm,
To be upon the ocean!

"And as for them that's out all day
On business from their houses,
And late at night returning home,
To cheer their babes and spouses,
While you and I, Bill, on the deck
Are comfortably lying,
My eyes! what tiles and chimney pots
About their heads are flying!

"Both you and I have oftimes heard
How men are killed and undone,
By overturns from carriages,
By thieves and fire in London.
We know what risks those landsmen run,
From noblemen to tailors!
Then, Bill, let us thank Providence
That you and I are sailors."

JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER.

By Miss M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc

[This story was commenced in No. 34, Vol. 58. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XLIV.

"IF I ONLY KNEW WHERE TO FIND HER."

That idea of his brother's suicide took no strong hold upon Arnold, after his conversation with Naomi, but he could not put the possibility out of his mind altogether. That his brother had suffered some disappointment—that a cloud of some kind had darkened his life—he was ready to believe. Oswald's latest letter had betrayed a mind ill at ease; that sudden determination to leave his country, while independence was still a new thing to him, and with every advantage in life that could make a young man happy, argued the existence of some deep-rooted sorrow, a misery that made familiar scenes hateful, and exile a welcome means of escape from the haunting memories that follow a fatal passion.

But, having resolved upon exile, could Oswald have been so weak or so wicked as to seek the darker and more desperate Lethe of the suicide? Arnold argued that his brother was too good and brave a man to contemplate, much less to commit, such a crime. But, then, Arnold had not read "Werther," the apotheosis of suicide.

He went back to the Grange, after his interview with Naomi, more than ever resolved to unravel the mystery. His first act was to make an inquiry which had some bearing upon the suicide question. Instead of entering the Grange by the hall-door, he went under the old stone archway that led into the quadrangle, from which the kitchens and stables alike opened, being tolerably certain of finding Nicholas, the butler, sunning himself on the solid old bench beside the kitchen-door.

There sat the old man, bareheaded, basking in the spring sunshine. It did not last very long, the sunshine of these April afternoons; but while it lasted, there was a warmth, and a balmy sweetness in the air, and a yellow light that made all things lovely. The wall-flowers blended their rich red and gold with the cool grays and purples of the old stone archway, the dark-gray shadows on stable-doors and deep-set windows, the vermilion lights upon the tiled roofs. The stone-crop on the gables, the sage-green houseleeks nestling round the disused chimney-stacks, the fleecy clouds sailing high in a bright-blue sky, were all beautiful to contemplate, but such familiar objects to the drowsy eye of old Nicholas, stretching out his feeble legs in the warmth, as he stretched them toward the kitchen hearth indoors, that he was scarcely conscious of their existence. If he had an idea at all about the old quadrangle, it was that all "they" wall-flowers, and household, and rubbish ought to be swept away, and the whole renovated with a coat of clean whitewash.

He was pulling slowly at his afternoon pipe when Arnold came up; but at the sight of his master he rose and did obeisance.

"Sit down, Nicholas, and go on with your pipe," said the sailor, in a friendly voice; "I want a little quiet talk with you."

The butler obeyed, and Arnold seated himself on the bench by his side, and took out a short German pipe, which he carried in his pocket, and began to smoke. It was in the days when a German pipe was a mark of a traveller, when for a gentleman to smoke a pipe of any kind implied a republican turn of mind.

Captain Pentreath looked round the quadrangle. There was no one within earshot. The stable-boy was throwing a pail of water at Herne's hind legs at the farthest end of the yard—a liberty which the animal bore with the resignation engendered by custom; two fantail pigeons were puffing out their chests and spreading out their fans on the deep-red tiles yonder; and a most vagabond collection of poultry was disporting itself on a golden mountain of straw in a distant corner—a mountain which would have made the old squire wild with agony, had he seen such a wasteful expenditure of litter; but Herne's bed nowadays was a Sybarite's couch, Arnold having taken his brother's horse under his own especial protection.

"You remember the day my brother went away the last time, Nicholas—the day you got his trunks taken down to the coach-office?"

"Yes, captain, as well as if it was yesterday."

"Did you see him just before he left the house?"

"Yes; he called me into the hall just as he was going out to give me his last orders about they trunks."

"Do you know if he carried pistols? There was a pair used to hang over the mantel-piece in his bedroom. I've noticed the mark of them on the wall where paneling was changed color. Do you know if he took them with him?"

"Yes, captain. I saw the butt-end of a pistol poking out of his breast-pocket. He wore a frock-coat buttoned up tight, and there was just the end of the pistol showing. They were pretty little pistols, as small as tyes, and he was uncommon proud of 'em. They belonged to his greatuncle, the colonel, you see, and was furrin made. 'You beant going to carry they pistols, be ye, squire?' said I, for I thought it was dangersome. But he said he wanted to take the pistols away with him, and he'd forgot to pack 'em in his box. 'And perhaps it's as well,' he says; 'for it beant wise to go on a coach journey without firearms; and I says, 'Lawks, master Oswald,' for I forgets myself sometimes with 'un, and thinks he still a bye, 'you ain't afeard o' highwaymen in these days, sir, be ye, with the Reform Bill a-comin' to make things pleasant to everybody?' But he only larfed, and shuk his head, and went out without another wurrud."

"With a pair of pistols in his breast-pocket," thought Arnold, much disturbed by this information, for it seemed to jump with Joshua Haggard's idea of self-slaughter. He asked no further questions of old Nicholas, but went slowly to his own room—the large airy bed-chamber, with windows facing seaward, which had been Oswald's—and sat down at his brother's writing table, to meditate upon the mystery that veiled the absentee's fate.

That there was a mystery of some kind, Arnold was fully assured. It was now high time that somebody in England should have heard from the wanderer. The brothers had corresponded more or less regularly in all the years of their separation, and Oswald had always been the correspondent. The landsman had made excuses for the rover when Arnold's letters were in arrear, and had written by every mail; so that Captain Pentreath often found a packet of letters waiting for him, when his ship came into port, full of pleasant gossip about the old home he dearly loved, although he loved the sea better. That Oswald should be away nearly a year, living, and in his right mind, and in all that time make no communication with his brother, seemed improbable to the verge of impossibility.

"Where did he go when he left the Grange that August day?" proffered Arnold. "Some one must have seen him; some one must know something about him. The woman he loved—for whose sake he jilted that noble girl—she could give me the clue to the mystery, perhaps, if I only knew where to find her."

Who was she? Who was the object of that fatal passion which had darkened Oswald's life just when it seemed happiest? Arnold wondered exceedingly. Some one his brother had known in London, perhaps; for it could hardly be any one at Combhollow, without every one in the place knowing all about it; and the people who talked to Arnold about his brother were clearly quite in the dark as to the reason of his falling away from his allegiance to Naomi. No, it could be no one at home, or he would have heard of it at the street corners; and yet it was evident to him that Joshua Haggard knew more about the circumstances of Oswald's sin or folly than he cared to tell. He had known enough to feel justified in breaking off his daughter's engagement—a strong measure, assuredly, where Naomi had so much to gain by the intended marriage. How had Oswald's conduct in London reached the Methodist minister's knowledge? That was puzzling. But even the remotest village has generally some channel of communication with the great city—some curious rustic, who has a brother or cousin living within sound of Bow Bells, and is occasionally gratified by his city friend with a dish of scandal. No latest rumor, or darkest insinuation about courts or princes, so interesting to Mr. Chawbacon as the news of his brother parishioner's doings "up in London."

CHAPTER XLV.

THE PAGE IN OSWALD'S SKETCH BOOK.

There stood Oswald's two big trunks in the deep recess by the chimney, one on the top of the other, just as they had been placed when the coach brought them back from Exeter. Might not one of these hold the clue to their owner's intentions when he left his home? Arnold had his sea going tool-chest close at hand. He had a good deal of mechanical skill, and had always rigged up his own cabin, with the bookshelves and three-cornered brackets, and small conveniences that gave a comfortable and civilized air to an apartment which, to the landsman's eye, looks like an exaggerated rabbit-hutch.

Arnold had picked the lock of the topmost trunk before he had time to reason upon his idea. It was an old, leather-covered trunk of his father's; black with age, and iron-clamped at the corners, and so heavy in itself, that it was a matter of comparative indifference to the person who carried it whether it was full or empty. Arnold lifted the lid with a curiously nervous feeling, as if some sudden and appalling revelation were lurking immediately beneath it.

The uppermost trunk contained Oswald's modest collection of books—the well-thumbed Shakspeare and Byron, the queer little duodecimo "Tom Jones" and "Joseph Andrews." Arnold took them up one by one, and looked at them tenderly. He, too, was a worshiper of that poetic star so lately set, and carried "Childe Harold" and "Don Juan" in his sea-chest, and had sat dreaming over their pages many a night, with no other light to read by than the broad tropical moon; he, too, was a lover of Shakspeare and of Fielding. He turned over the leaves of that battered old Byron meditatively, and it seemed to him that the volume opened at the saddest passages, as if the reader had dwelt with morbid fondness upon the complainings of a kindred despair.

Below the books there was an old leather writing-desk, and below that nothing but clothes and boots, packed with a careless roughness, which indicated haste or preoccupation of mind on the part of the packer. In all the contents, Arnold saw nothing that tended to his enlightenment, and he began to replace the things, putting them in carefully, with an orderly closeness of arrangement which reduced their bulk considerably.

He put in the books, one by one, and had nearly finished his task, when his attention was caught by a shabby little volume without any title on the back, which had hitherto escaped his notice. It was bound in red morocco, and had grown dingy from much usage.

Arnold opened the book. It was a manuscript book, containing entries in Oswald's penmanship, alternated with pencil sketches, and here and there a few verses, with much interlineation and alteration, to denote the throes of composition.

"This must tell me something," thought the sailor.

The pencil revealed the tastes of the owner of the little volume. The first pages were full of marine sketches, pencil dottings of familiar bits of coast. They brought back the memory of Arnold's boyhood—those old days when his chief delight was to get on board one of the fishermen's boats, and to be out at sea from dawn to sunset, or—better still—from sunset to sunrise. He had offended his father many a time by these unauthorized excursions, and his final offense had been an absence of three days and nights at the beginning of the pilchard season. He had come home and begged pardon for his wrong-doing; but the squire, who had suffered the pangs of paternal anxiety for the first time in his life, resented this trifling with his finer feelings, and gave the truant a ferocious flogging. Whereupon the sea-loving scapegrace made up his bundle, and set out after dark to walk to Bristol.

It was fifteen years since he had seen these picturesque bits of coast, Clovelly and Hartland Point, and the remoter glories of Bude and Tintagel. Yes, every angle of cliff, every jagged rock, brought back the fervor and freshness of his boyhood—the days when his love of the sea was a worship, and not a merely professional ardor.

There was the *Dolphin*, pitching and rolling in heavy seas, or mirrored in summer lakes of sultry calm. There were a good many attempts at versification in the earlier part of the book, all savoring of Byron—addresses to "My Bark," invocations to storm and ocean, all unfinished.

Here, about midway in the volume, comes a woman's face—Naomi Haggard. Yes, although the likeness is by no means perfect, there is no mistaking the noble brow, the dark, deep eyes, with their look of thought; the masses of dark hair. The face was repeated many times; the heavy eyelids drooping, the full eyes lifted, in profile, three-quarter, full front; and now the poetic effusions took a bolder flight, and it was no longer the sea, but his mistress, the lover apostrophized. "To N." the verses were sometimes headed, or "Midnight after leaving N." First love rang the changes in tenderest gushes of sentiment. All the old platitudes, the stock comparisons, were brought out, and the conventional Pegasus was duly exercised. He was not a winged horse, to soar over the topmost pinnacle of Parnassus, but a quiet cob rather, warranted easy to ride and drive, a steed that took his rider over familiar ground at a gentle trot, and never showed the slightest inclination to bolt with him.

The middle of the book was entirely filled with sketches of Naomi, and verses to Naomi, and here and there a faint murmer against Naomi's coldness jotted down in prose. Then came a change, Naomi disappeared altogether; there were no more poetic efforts, but page after page closely written—a journal, evidently, kept from day to day. The earliest date was in the previous year.

And now appeared a face which was unknown to Arnold; a girlish face, in a Puritan cap, delicately traced—as if the lightest touch of the draughtsman's pencil had not been fine enough to mark the ethereal character of his subject. Sweet face—now grave, now pensive, now touched with a vague melancholy, now with deepest sadness in the tender uplifted eyes—eyes that seemed to pity and deplore.

"This is the woman he loved," thought Arnold. He turned to the diary, and read a page at random. It was dated April 12th, ten days before the Squire's death.

"She is here still. It is a new life which I lead while she is near me. Nothing can come of it but sorrow and parting; yet the lightest sound of her footstep thrills me with joy; an accidental touch from her little hand sets all my pulses throbbing. I cannot be unhappy in her presence; yet despair sweeps over my soul ever and anon, like a cloud across a sunlit landscape. My loved one, my dearest, why did we not meet sooner, or why meet at all? Two lives are sacrificed to a caprice of destiny—a cruel, hard and inexplicable fatality, which rolls on like an iron wheel, and grinds men's hearts into the dust. I am almost an unbeliever when I think how Nature meant my sweet love for me, and me for her, and how Fate has come between and sundered us!"

"Poor Naomi! How true and good she is! How noble, single-minded, frank, unsuspecting! There shall be no more reviling of destiny. I will struggle with this wicked passion—struggle and conquer—or if I fail, end all!"

"Or if I fail, end all!" Arnold repeated, musingly.

"Yes, my Naomi, I will remember the days when you were all the world to me—when I had no sweeter hope than a placid life spent in your company, when that calm friendship and reverent admiration which I felt for you seemed to me all that is best and noblest in love. For the sake of those days I will conquer myself and be true to you; and if there can be no more happiness for me, there shall at least be peace and quiet days, and a conscience at ease. Perhaps, after all, these things constitute real happiness, and this fever-dream of passion is but a mock beatitude, like the wild, brief joys of delirium, the flashes of unreasoning delight that fire the maniac's brain for a moment, to leave him lost in deepest gloom. Oh, no, I do *not* believe that means happiness, any more than storm or lightning means fine weather. Both are grand, both are beautiful; and they leave ruin and death behind them."

"When honor ceases to be my guide, let me perish."

"Death hovers near us, and our thoughts are full of sadness. A few days, a few hours may bring the inevitable end. Where she is, there is always sunshine. Her presence soothes me like tenderest music—like the songs my mother sung beside my cradle!"

"God help me, for my heart is breaking!"

Arnold read on for an hour. The journal continued in the same strain, with much repetition of motive—going over the same ground very often, as the writer argued with himself, and made good resolves, which were evidently broken as soon as made. It was the old story of a fatal, unconquerable passion. Sometimes the sorrow deepened to despair, and Arnold read with a sinking of the heart, feeling that a man who could write thus might not be very far from a suicide's state of mind.

The name of the object of such an unhappy love was not once written, and there was a general vagueness in the journal which left Arnold considerably in the dark. He only knew that the woman his brother loved had been one who lived near him—with whom he almost daily associated—some one belonging to Combhollow. Who could she be? Arnold was very sure that he had never seen the original of those delicate pencilings in his brother's book. Oswald's likenesses of Naomi were good enough to prove that there must be some degree of likeness in the other portraits—unless, indeed, these were not portraits, only the resemblance of some airy nothing that lived but in the draughtsman's fancy.

No, the same face appeared too often not to be real. The face, and the confession of a fatal love, came too near each other in the book for Arnold to doubt that the sketches were faithful portraits.

"I have been to the parish church every Sunday since I came home, and I have seen no face that bears the faintest resemblance to this," thought Arnold, sorely perplexed.

Naomi could perchance have enlightened him. Naomi must have known to whom her lover's heart had gone forth when she lost him; but it would have been direst cruelty to ask Naomi such a question.

"And if I knew all, would it tell me my brother's fate?" Arnold wondered, sorrowfully; for since he had seen Oswald's diary it seemed to him that self-destruction was no improbable end for the writer.

"When a man once gets out of the right line, who can tell how far he may stray?" thought the sailor.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SECRETS.—The only way of keeping a secret is to forget it as soon as communicated. You may have a considerable reputation for consistency in this matter, thus easily acquired. The only secret worth knowing in this life, is, how one man can contrive to be better off than another; all the rest is mere alchemy.

NEWS NOTES.

CHICAGO sells $6,000,000 of jewelry every year.

A Boston firm is sending parlor furniture to London.

THE Empress of Germany patronizes female dentists.

IN London Saturday now affords an almost general half-holiday.

THE voters in Italy only number 550,000 in 27,000,000 inhabitants.

THE graves of British soldiers in the Crimea are to be preserved.

THE Roman Catholic population of St. Louis now numbers 150,000.

DIPHTHERIA is very prevalent among the children at Halifax, N. S.

JOHN W. YOUNG has been elected first counsellor to Brigham Young.

THE wholesale dealers of Chicago report a gratifying improvement in trade.

The daily average of visitors to the Centennial runs from 80,000 to 110,000.

DON CARLOS will shortly start a paper in Paris to be called *Le Pense Catholique*.

A COMPANY to insure buildings against storms is being organized at Reading, Pa.

Yellow fever, which was thought to be abating in Savannah, has broken out afresh.

MRS. VAN COTT, the well-known revivalist, is now stirring up sinners in Texas.

JOHN TYLER, a son of ex-President Tyler, has entered the Southern Methodist Episcopal ministry.

THE Turkish and Montenegrin forces are now confronting each other on a line extending eight miles.

THE steamer "Germanic," which sailed from Liverpool October 5 for New York, took $950,000 in specie.

THE Prince of Roumania has ordered both the standing army and the reserves to assemble for manœuvres.

MORE American coin to the amount of $125,000 has been withdrawn from the Bank of England for New York.

SAN FRANCISCANS pay $1,000,000 a year for their intoxicating liquors, the favorite drink being whisky straight.

E. A. Woodward, one of Tweed's accomplices in the New York Ring frauds, was arrested in Chicago, last week.

GENERAL Martinez-Campos has not yet accepted the Captain-Generalship of Cuba, but General Jovellar will be recalled anyway.

PRINCE FREDERIC CHARLES has been made President of the German Commission to the Paris Exhibition. Bismarck objected to the appointment.

NOTWITHSTANDING Mr. Moody's absence, the revival meetings at Chicago have been largely attended. Major Whittle has been an acceptable and successful substitute.

GENERAL TCHERMAYEN has demanded that all Servians between the ages of eighteen and fifty years be called out in anticipation of a renewal of hostilities in the spring.

THE proposed change in the Captain-Generalship of Cuba has led to a general engagement in the Spanish Court among the partisans of Jovellar, Castillo and Campos.

No clue to the thief who robbed Mrs. John Jacob Astor of her jewels, at Newport, has been discovered. The lady has offered a reward of $1,000 for the jewels and the thief.

MRS. ALEXANDER T. STEWART and party are expected from Europe in the next trip of the favorite Cunard steamer, *Russia*. The health of Mrs. Stewart is very much improved by her travels.

MR. GLADSTONE says that making Bosnia, Herzegovina and Belgravia and Bulgaria independent of Ottoman power would end the controversy, but he has no hope that his government will ever see the true merits of the case.

AN enormous school of mackerel, a mile long and a fourth of a mile wide, was struck by fishing smacks off New London, recently, and though many of the nets had to be cut because of the weight, 300,000 fish, worth $10,000, were taken.

FIFTY thousand elephants are killed every year to furnish the ivory worked up in England alone. The best ivory comes from Zanzibar, the silver grey from regions south of the equator, and the favorite ornament material from Siam.

To the present date nearly $11,000 have been received at the First National Bank, St. Paul, in response to a circular to banks asking donations to the fund for the benefit of Mrs. Heywood, widow of the bank cashier killed by the robbers at Northfield.

UNITED STATES Marshal McLaren, of St. Paul, has received a capias issued from the United States Circuit Court at Austin, Texas, for the Northfield robbers, that they may be forwarded to Texas and tried on numerous indictments for mail robbery.

A BILL is before the Mexican Congress to review the so-called La Fragua press law, issued before the publication of the constitution, with an addition empowering the President to punish infringing editors with imprisonment not exceeding two years or $4,000 fine.

VILLAFRANCA, Minorca, is not a pleasant place for Protestants, and the worthy Mayor of that place does not intend that it shall be. He has fined a Protestant school mistress for accompanying the little girls of her school while out walking. He has also prohibited singing in Protestant schools.

MOURAD EFFENDI is a more sensible man than Abdul, his predecessor. Instead of slitting his veins with a pair of scissors he is using his creditors' money in buying up Johannisberg wine at the moderate price of £3 6s. a bottle, in which he will be able to drown his sorrows—rather expensively. He evidently is not a very devout believer in the Koran.

MR. RANDOLPH ROGERS' statue of Secretary Seward is much admired. The late Secretary was by no means a good subject, his fine intellectual powers being concealed in an insignificant body. De Tocqueville said of him: "He looks like a crow, walks like a crow, and talks like a crow." Mr. Rogers, without sacrificing physical resemblance, has been able to indicate the mental force and dignity of the man.

IT having been stated that a portrait of General Robert E. Lee had been virtually ignored at the Centennial by being placed in one of the foreign departments, Director-General Goshorn writes to the Georgia Commissioner: "The picture arrived more than two months after the opening of the Exhibition, and after the date fixed for the reception of articles; but with special regard to the subject and the section of the country whence it came, an exception was made, and it was admitted and given a conspicuous place in one of the rooms in the American Department in the Memorial Building."

EXHIBITION NOTES.

IT is now thought that a dividend will be paid upon Centennial stock.

THERE will be no twenty-five-cent Saturdays at the Centennial this month.

LEVY, the cornetist, and Messrs. Pattison and Colby give concerts daily on the grand stand.

FROM May 10 to October 1, the total receipts for admission to the Centennial foot up $2,109,238.25.

THE receipts for September at the Main Exposition aggregated $909,285.25, and at the Live Stock Exhibition, $18,768.75.

THE Centennial visitors at Washington have chipped the Speaker's desk in the House of Representatives nearly to pieces.

MRS. POLK, widow of the ex-President, says the Chattanooga *Times*, has yielded to the solicitation of friends and will visit the Centennial at the beginning of next month.

ONE of the finest displays of fruit in Pomological Hall, consisting of apples, pears and grapes, is from Quebec, and was collected by the Montreal Agricultural and Horticultural Society.

IN one of the State buildings the box for donations toward the Washington Monument has received, in response to the appeal for everybody to give something, just thirteen cents and a tooth-pick.

THE cadets of the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, Va., are now encamped at the foot of George's Hill, and there will be a dress parade at sunset daily. The cadets propose to remain a week or ten days.

A. J. MELBORN, a cook in the George's Hill Restaurant, who was arrested on suspicion of having assaulted George B. Shaw, the Boston *Herald's* correspondent, has been committed by Magistrate Clark to await the result of Shaw's injuries.

THE Centennial Commission have issued their second edition of lists of awards. They have finished their work on all the reports of judges submitted to them. There must be, however, at least one more edition to cover the live stock exhibit.

IMMIGRANT guides to Western Texas are furnished gratuitously by Mr. Whildin, of the Galveston *Advocate*, at the Newspaper pavilion. This gentleman states that no less than five colonies are now being formed in Pennsylvania, Delaware and New Jersey for immigration to the land of the setting sun.

The Centennial Commission has ordered that a dollar bill shall be taken by the gate-keepers in payment for two admissions. We are informed, however, that the Centennial Board of Finance opposes the change in the regulations, and insists that the exact change shall be tendered by every person admitted.

GOV. KEMPER, in reply to an invitation to name a Virginia day at the Centennial by proclamation, has written a letter declining to do so. His chief reasons are the poverty of the people to respond in an appropriate manner, and that it is not customary in Virginia to use official proclamations for such purposes.

IN the Italian Department in the Main Building there are some very attractive displays of gold and silver filagree jewelry. As these are also for sale there is always a large gathering in the enclosure. The exhibitors have been compelled to put up a card that "no rolling chairs or catalogue peddlers are admitted to this department."

THE question of opening the Exhibition at night has been considered by the Commission and Board of Finance, and the objections seem to them to be insurmountable. The change meets with opposition from exhibitors, who urge, among other things, that the display of their wares at night would greatly increase the opportunities for pilfering.

THE Centennial Commission, in a recent executive session, authorized the appointment of a special group of judges for the compilation of reports upon the displays of all the exhibiting countries, as also those of the States of the Union, corporations, etc. Commissioner Dannfeldt, of Sweden, has been named as one of the members of the group.

THE United States Centennial Commission, at a recent executive session, appointed a special committee of five of its members on appeals, and referred to them "all contests, appeals and communications from exhibitors claiming that injustice has been done them in any matter relating to the examination of their products and the reports of judges for awards."

IT is alleged that in the examinations of the judges certain displays were overlooked in consequence of imperfections in the catalogues, or by the exhibitors not being present to display their goods at the appointed time. Of the cases thus far presented it is estimated by members of the committee that two-thirds are from exhibitors whose displays were passed upon by the group juries and not thought worthy of awards.

THE Park Commissioners refuse the application to allow the Main Exhibition Building to stand. They say it will obstruct the view of Memorial Hall. The *Press* takes exception to this decision, appeals to the public, and announces that a company already organized to purchase the building and its contents "have the hearty endorsement and co-operation of the Centennial Board of Finance, and such pledges of money that the amount requisite can be raised any day between sunrise and sunset."

ON an exhibit in the tobacco section of Agricultural Hall is pinned a paper with the following blood-curdling notice upon it: "In an apartment in this vicinity, where the eye of the visitor cannot penetrate, there are concealed two Centennial Guards and four of Pinkerton's detectives, who are constantly on the qui vive for depredators caught defacing this house (a structure composed solely of navy tobacco). If caught, justice, abused justice, will consign them to durance vile."

LAST week, by special invitation, members of the Commission, Board of Finance, Women's Centennial committees and the press assembled in the Judges' Hall to see Mrs. Carlton Brooks, of Arkansas, the sculptress of the "Sleeping Iolanthe," which has attracted so much attention in the Women's Pavillion, executing sculpture of butter. Her only tools were two spoon-like pieces of wood with paddle-shaped bodies, and differing only in size—one being for rough and the other for fine work. Taking a little butter at a time she kept pressing that material upon the bottom of a granite-ware basin until she had about a dozen pounds in it. She then put the whole in a refrigerator to give the butter the required degree of plasticity. This being acquired, she took the basin out and began carving the butter with the larger tool. When the outlines of the figure were well advanced, she began to use the finer tool occasionally. Plasticity was restored whenever necessary by means of the refrigerator. In one hour and a quarter after she began work, the shapeless, golden mass was transformed into the relief bust of another sleeping beauty, and the dairy sculptress met with great applause.

REVIEWS.

Blackwood's Magazine, for October, is at hand, with its usual richness of contents. "A Woman Hater," is continued with unabated interest, as also "Devious Rambles with a Definite Object;" "Speculative Investments," while it plausibly defends those who are rash enough to buy shares that are paying dividends of 40 to 60 per cent., points out and illustrates the folly of free investment in such stocks as the Turkish and Egyptian Loans. There are other equally interesting articles, which we cannot now enumerate.

Littell's Living Age commences a new volume with the first week in October. Among the valuable articles contained in the latest issues of this standard magazine are: "Modern Philosophers on the Probable Age of the World;" "From Belgrade to Constantinople Overland;" "Charlotte Bronte, a Monograph;" "An Excursion in Formosa;" "Social Relations of England and America;" "Retribution as a Faith and Superstition;" "The Native Races of the Pacific States of North America;" "The Liturgy of the Jews by a Jew," with many other articles and serials. The *Living Age* gives over 3000 pages of reading matter annually for $8, or with any $4 American magazine for $10.50. Littell & Gay, Boston.

The *Musical World* for October is at hand promptly and contains a large amount of valuable musical information, including spicy editorials on the musical topics of the day, correspondence from all the principal cities of the Union, a continuation of Karl Merz' interesting and instructive *Musical World Letters* and musical news from all parts of the world. Besides this large amount of valuable reading matter, the October number contains five pieces of music, three vocal and two instrumental. The *Musical World* is one of the most successful musical journals in America, and every lover of the divine art should subscribe for it. The subscription price is only $1.50 per year, and specimen copies can be obtained by enclosing fifteen cents to the publishers, S. Brainard's Sons, Cleveland, O.

LITERARY AND DRAMATIC.

ARABELLA GODDARD is to retire to private life.

OLE BULL will remain in Boston during the winter.

EDWIN BOOTH makes $2,000 every night in San Francisco.

STRAKOSCH made $6,000 by his recent opera season in this city.

GEORGE ALFRED LAWRENCE, the English author, is dead.

SAN FRANCISCO managers divide $40,000 a week in good times.

ALL the new plays produced in London last season were failures.

MONTGOMERY BLAIR is now engaged on a life of Andrew Johnson.

OFFENBACH'S book on America is to be published by Carleton early in the winter.

MARY ANDERSON, according to the St. Louis *Times*, is a good subject to gush over.

HON. A. H. STEVENS proposes to lecture upon the "Letters of Junius," if his health will permit.

EMILE DE GIRARDIN has a pamphlet on the Eastern Question in the press—"The Shame of Europe."

MR. BAYARD TAYLOR describes Tupper, as he saw him in 1848, as a "dumpy, apple-faced, dark-haired, little man."

MR. HOWELL'S commedietta of "The Parlor Car," which appeared in the September Atlantic, has been purchased by Mr. Augustin Daly.

MR. COGHLAN, the new leading man at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, who comes from London, and is paid $350 per week, has won immediate popularity.

MISS MINNIE PALMER, who plays the part of a lowly peasant girl in a new play called "Kisses," wears $100 worth of embroidered stockings during the five acts.

THE death is announced of Giucci, a well-known Roman poet and author, among whose more serious works were essays on the various knightly and religious orders, a life of Pius VII. &c.

SEVERAL literary societies of New York propose to furnish a block of American marble to form a part of the monument shortly to be erected by subscription in England to the memory of Lord Byron.

MISS ANNA E. DICKINSON'S engagements are all made for the season, and she begins at Macauley's Theatre, Cincinnati, October 16. Her new play is an adaptation of "Jane Eyre" entitled "Love and Duty."

THE *Dramatic News* says: "W. J. Florence and his plucky wife are taking a week's rest in the city previous to starting out for the season. Florence's profits in his summer stay at Wallack's have been $9000—not bad, considering the terrible heat of two full months of the time."

"LIFE," it is said, is an enormous pecuniary success. The Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, has been overcrowded and many turned away every night since its production, and the receipts have been greater than any at this theatre since the first nights of "Big Bonanza" and "Pique."

GREAT preparations are being made by Jarrett and Palmer for the production in December next of the tragedy of "King Lear." Among the players engaged Lawrence Barrett, E. L. Davenport, Frederick B. Warde, W. E. Sheridan, and Miss Gertrude Kellogg. Grand spectacular effects are to be introduced.

GRACE GREENWOOD writes from abroad: "Our handsome young novelist, Julian Hawthorne, lives in Twickenham, (near London,) old classic ground of genius. He leads a life of study and labor, relieved by recreation of the most simple and sensible sort, and gladdened by the presence of his lovely wife and children."

THE only portrait which George Eliot ever consented to have taken is owned by Blackwood, the Edinburgh publisher, and hangs in his private office. It is a crayon head, taken in 1860, by Samuel Lawrence, to whom Thackeray posed, and who once visited America. Among his sitters then were Professor and Mrs. Botta, of this city.

MR. WILLIAM BLACK is going to make an excursion to the wild Indian territory, and has expressed, it is said, a tender and not unnatural solicitude for the safety of his scalp. His next novel, in which he produces pictures of American life and manners, will appear in a Harper periodical about the beginning of next year. What an acute and intimate knowledge of American life and manners Mr. Black will have gained in a two months' visit!

MR. E. P. ROE has just completed a new story, which he entitles "Near to Nature's Heart," which will be issued at once by his publishers, Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. It will also be published simultaneously in London. Mr. Roe may now fully claim in point of popularity a place in the front rank of American authors. His publishers state the advance orders for this story to be one-third larger than for the one published a year ago.

FOR the first time in the history of the stage, the use of light has been properly considered namely, at Bayreuth, and, in consequence, the most marvelous efforts have been obtained. The theatre has been kept in almost total darkness, so that the light has been concentrated on the stage. There have been no foot-lights used, but a quiet well disposed light has fallen in equal power on the actors. The most picturesque and Rembrandt-like effects have been obtained.

AFFECTIONS OF THE LIVER, BILIOUS DISORDERS, SICK HEADACHE, &c., are thoroughly cured by Dr. D. Jayne's Sanative Pills. They gradually change the vitiated secretions of the Stomach and Liver, and restore these organs to a healthy condition. Sold everywhere.

ALSON F. BELCHER, CATERER.

Dining Rooms at 827 and 829 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

LOVE AND DEATH.

When the end comes, and we must say good-bye
And I am going to the quiet land;
And sitting in some loved place hand in hand,
For the last time together, you and I,
We watch the winds blow, and the sunlight lie
About the spaces of our garden home,
Soft by the washing of the western foam,
Where we have lived and loved in days past by;
We must not weep, my darling, or upbraid
The quiet Death who comes to part us twain;
But know that parting would not be such pain
Had not our love a perfect flower been made.
And we shall find it in God's garden laid
On that sweet day wherein we meet again.

EDINA.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

[This story was commenced in No. 12, Vol. 50. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER III.

ON THE BARE PLAIN.

The house was gained at last. Crossing the flagged entrance hall, they entered a very pretty light morning-hall, its curtains of a pale green, bordered with gold. Mrs. St. Clare, a large, fair woman with a Roman nose, lay back in an easy-chair, a beautifully-worked screen, attached to the white marble mantelpiece, shading her face from the fire. Her gown was black and white: grey and black ribbons composed her head-dress. She looked half-dead with ennui—those large women are often incorrigibly idle and listless—she never took up a needle, she never cared to turn the pages of a book. She was indolent by nature, and she had grown callously so during her life in India before the death of her husband, Colonel St. Clare.

But her face lighted up to something like animation when Mr. Raynor entered and went forward. Margaret fell into the background. After shaking hands with Mrs. St. Clare, he turned to the opposite side of the fire-place; where, in another easy-chair, enveloped in a pink morning-wrapper, sat the invalid, Lydia.

She was a tall, fair, Roman-nosed young woman too, promising to be in time as large as her mother. As idle as she was already. Dr. Raynor said that all she wanted was to exert herself; to walk and run, and take an interest in the bustling concerns of daily life as other girls did; she need talk no more of nervousness and chest-ache then.

Frank felt her pulse, and looked at her tongue, and inquired how she had slept; with all the rest of the usual questioning routine. Lydia answered fretfully, and began complaining of the dullness of her life. It was this wretched Cornish mining country that was making her worse: she felt sure of it.

"And that silly child, Daisy, declared this morning that it was the sweetest place she ever was in!" added Miss St. Clare, in withering contempt, meant for Daisy. "She said she should like existence, as it is just at present, to last forever!"

Frank Raynor caught a glimpse of a painfully-blushing face in the distance, and something like a smile crossed his own. He took a small phial, containing a tonic, from his pocket, which he had brought with him, and handed it to the invalid.

"You will drive out to-day as usual, of course, Miss St. Clare?" said he.

"Oh, I suppose so," was the careless answer. "I don't know how we should get over the hours between luncheon and dinner without the drive. Not that I care for it."

"Talking of dinner," interposed Mrs. St. Clare, "I want you to dine with us to-day, Mr. Raynor. Is that a *daisy* in your coat? What an absurd ornament!"

"Yes, it is a daisy," looking down on it. "Thank you very much for your invitation. I will come if I can."

"I cannot allow you to say if."

Frank smiled and gave a twist to the lavender glove in his hand. He liked to be a bit of a dandy when he called at the Mount. As to dining there—in truth he desired nothing better. But he was never quite sure of what he could do until the hour came.

"A doctor's time is not his own, you know, Mrs. St. Clare."

"You must really give yours to us this evening. Our dinners are insufferably dull when we sit down alone."

So Frank Raynor gave the promise—and he meant to keep it if possible. Ah, that he had not kept it! that he had stayed at home! But for that unfortunate evening's visit to the Mount and its consequences, a great deal of this history would not have been written.

The day went on. Nothing occurred to prevent Frank's fulfilling his engagement. The dinner hour at the Mount was seven o'clock. It was growing dusk when Frank, a light coat thrown over his evening dress, started for his sharp walk to it, but not dark enough to obscure objects. Frank meant to get over the ground in twenty minutes: and, really, his long legs and active frame were capable of any feat in the matter of speed. That would give him ten minutes before dinner for a chat with Daisy; Mrs. and Miss St. Clare rarely entered the drawing-room until the last moment.

"Going off to dine again with that proud lot at the Mount!" enviously remarked Mr. Pellet, as he noted Frank's attire from his usual post of observation, the threshold of his shop door. "It's fine to be him!"

"Blase," called out his master from within, "where have you put that new lot of camomile blows?"

Mr. Blase was turning leisurely to respond, when his quick red-brown eyes caught sight of something exceedingly disagreeable to him: a meeting between Frank and Rosaline Bell. She had come into the village apparently from home: and she and Frank were now halting to talk together. Mr. Blase was spitting with wrath and envy.

He would have given his ears to hear what they were saying. Frank was laughing and chattering in that usual gay manner of his, that most people found so attractive; she was listening, her pretty lips parted with a smile. Even at this distance, and in spite of the fading light, Mr. Blase could see her shy, half-conscious look, and the rose-blush on her cheeks.

And Frank stayed there, talking and laughing with her as though time and the Mount were nothing to him. He thought no harm, he meant no wrong. Frank Raynor never *meant* harm to living mortal. If he had but been as cautious as he was well-intentioned!

"Blase!" reiterated old Edmund Float, "I want to find the new camomile blows just come in. Don't you hear me? What have you done with them?"

Mr. Blase was utterly impervious to the words. They had parted now: Rosaline was coming this way. Blase went strolling across the street to meet her: but she, as if purposely to avoid him, suddenly turned down an opening between the houses, and was lost to sight, and to Blase Pellet.

"I wonder if she cut down there to avoid me?" he thought, standing still, in mortification. And there was a very angry look on his face as he crossed back again from his fruitless errand.

Daisy was not alone in the drawing-room this evening. Whether Frank's gossip with Rosaline had been too long, or whether he had not put on as much speed in walking as usual, it was just a minute past seven when he reached the Mount. All the ladies were assembled: Lydia and Daisy in blue silk; Mrs. St. Clare in black satin. Their kinsman had been dead six months, and the young ladies had just put off mourning for him; but Mrs. St. Clare wore hers still.

Daisy looked radiant; at any rate, in Frank's eyes; a very fairy. The white lace on her low body and sleeves were hardly whiter than her fair neck and arms; one white rose nestled in her hair.

"Dinner is served, madam."

Frank offered his arm to Mrs. St. Clare; the two young ladies followed. It was a large and very handsome dining-room; the table, with its fine cloth, and its glass and silver glittering under the wax-lights looked almost lost in it. Lydia faced her mother; Frank and Daisy were opposite each other. He looked well in evening dress; worthy to be a prince, thought Daisy.

The conversation turned mostly on the festivities of the following evening. Mrs. St. Clare was to give a dance in honor of her youngest daughter's birthday. It would not be a large party at the best; the neighborhood did not afford that; but some guests from a distance were to sleep in the house, and remain for a day or two.

"Will you give me the first dance, Daisy?" Frank seized an opportunity of whispering to her, as they were all returning to the drawing-room together.

Daisy shook her head, and blushed again. Blushed at the familiar word "Daisy," which he had not presumed to use until that day. But it had never sounded so sweet to her from other lips.

"I may not," she answered. "Mamma has decided that my first dance must be with some old guy of a Cornish baronet—Sir Paul Trefusis—Oh, *going*, do you say! Why? It is not yet nine o'clock."

"I am obliged to go," he answered; "I promised Dr. Raynor. I have to see a country patient for him to-night."

Making his apologies to Mrs. St. Clare for his early departure, and stating the reason, Frank left the house. It was a cold and very light night; the skies clear, the moon intensely bright. Frank went on with his best step. About half way across the Bare Plain he met Rosaline Bell. The church clock was striking nine.

"Why, Rose! Have you been all this time at Granny Sandon's?"

"Yes; all the time," she answered. "I stayed to help her into bed. Poor Granny's rheumatism is very bad; she can scarcely do anything for herself."

"Is her rheumatism bad again? I must call and see her. A cold night, is it not?"

"I am nearly perished," she said. "I forgot to take a shawl with me."

But Rosaline did not look perished. The meeting had called up warmth and coloring to her face, so inexpressibly beautiful in the full, bright moonbeams. A beauty that might have stirred a heart less susceptible than was Frank's.

"Perished, are you!" he cried. "Let us take a dance together, Rose." And, seizing her by the two hands, he danced about with her on the path, in very lightness of spirit.

"Oh, Mr. Raynor, pray don't! I must be going home, indeed, sir. Mother will think I'm lost."

"There! Are you warm now? I must go, also. Just a good-night kiss, Rose."

And before she could resist—if, indeed, she had meant to resist—Frank Raynor snatched a kiss from the lovely face, released her hands, and went swiftly away over the Bare Plain.

There was not much harm in this; and most assuredly Frank intended none. That has been already said. He was apt to act without thought; to do mad things upon impulse. He admired Rosaline's beauty amazingly, and he liked to talk and laugh with her. He might not have chosen to steal a kiss from her in the face and eyes of Tremnach; but what harm could there be when they were alone in the moonlight?

And if the moon had been the sole spectator, no harm would have come of it. Unfortunately, a pair of human eyes had been looking on as well—Mr. Blase Pellet's. After shutting up the shop that night, ill-luck had put it into Mr. Pellet's head to take a walk over to Mrs. Bell's. He went in the hope of seeing Rosaline; in which he was disappointed, and was now on his way home again.

Rosaline stood gazing after Frank Raynor. No one but herself knew how dear he was to her; no one ever would know. The momentary kiss seemed still to tremble on her lips; her heart beat wildly. Wrapt in this ecstatic confusion, it was not to be wondered at that she neither saw nor heard the advance of Mr. Pellet; or that Frank, absorbed in her and in the dance, had previously been equally unobservant.

With a sigh, Rosaline at length turned, and found herself face to face with the intruder. He had halted close to her, and was standing quite still.

"Blase!" she exclaimed, with a faint scream. "How you startled me!"

"Where have you been?" asked Blase, in a sullen tone. "Your mother says you've been out for I don't know how many hours."

"I've been nowhere but to Granny Sandon's. Good-night to you, Blase; it is late."

"A little too late for honest girls," returned Blase, putting himself in her way. "Have you been stopping out with *him*?" pointing to the fast-retreating figure of Frank Raynor.

"I met Mr. Raynor here, where we are standing; and was talking with him for about a minute."

"It seems to me you are always meeting him," growled Blase, suppressing mention of the dance he had seen, or the kiss that succeeded it.

"Do you want to quarrel with me, Blase? It seems so by your tone."

"You met him at dusk this evening as you were going to old Sandon's—if you were going there; and you meet him now in returning," continued Blase. "It's done on purpose."

"If I did meet him each time, it was by accident. Do you suppose I put myself in the way of meeting Mr. Raynor?"

"Yes, I do. Come!"

"You shall not say these things to me, Blase. Just because you chance to be a fifteenth cousin of mother's, you think that gives you a right to lecture me."

"You are always out and about somewhere," contended Blase. "What on earth d'ye want at that old Sandon's for ever?"

"She is so sad and lonely, Blase," was the pleading answer, given in a sweet tone of pity. "Think of her sorrow! Poor Granny Sandon!"

"What do you call her 'Granny' for?" demanded Blase, who was in a fault-finding mood. "She's no granny of yours, Rosaline."

Rosaline laughed slightly. "Indeed, I don't know why we call her 'Granny,' Blase. Everybody does—Let me pass."

"Everybody doesn't.—No: you are not going to pass yet. I intend to have it out with you about the way you favor that fool, Raynor. Meeting him at all hours of the day and night!"

Rosaline's anger was aroused. In her heart she disliked Blase Pellet. He had given her trouble for some time past in trying to force his attentions upon her. It seemed to her that half the work of her life consisted in devising contrivances to repress him.

"How dare you speak to me in this manner, Blase Pellet? You have no right to do it, and you never will have."

"You'd rather listen to the false palaver of that stuck-up gentleman, Raynor, than you would to the words of an honest man like me."

"Blase Pellet, hear me once for all," vehemently retorted the girl. "Whatever, Mr. Raynor may say to me, it is nothing to you; it never will be anything to you. If you speak in this way of him again, I shall tell him of it."

She eluded the outstretched arm, and ran swiftly home. Blase Pellet, standing to watch, saw the light within as she opened the door and entered.

"Is it nothing to me!" he repeated, in a chop-fallen tone. "You'll find that out before we are a day older, Miss Rosaline. I'll stop your fun with that proud fellow, Raynor."

* * * * * * * *

"In vain I look from height and tower,
No wished-for form I see;
In vain I seek the woodbine bower—
He comes no more to me."

So sang Rosaline Bell in the beams of the morning sun. They came glinting through the hyacinths in the window, and fell on the cups and saucers. Rosaline stood at the kitchen table, washing up the breakfast things. She wore a light print gown, with a white linen collar fastened by a small silver brooch.

An expression of intense happiness sat on her beautiful face. This old song, that she was singing to herself in a low undertone, was one that her mother used to sing to her when she was a child. The words came from the girl half unconsciously; for, while she sang, she was living over again in thought the past night's meeting with Frank Raynor on the Bare Plain.

"Rosie!"

The fond name, called out in her mother's voice, interrupted her. Putting down the saucer, then being dried, she advanced to the staircase door, which opened from the kitchen, and stood there, tea-cloth in hand.

"Yes, mother? Did you want me?"

"Has your father gone out, Rose?"

"Yes. He said he should not be long."

"Oh, no, I daresay not!" crossly responded Mrs. Bell; her tone plainly implying that she put no faith whatever in any such promise. "They'll make a day of it again, as they did yesterday. Bring me up a drop o' warm water in half an hour or so, Rose, and I'll get up."

"Very well, mother."

Rose returned to her tea-cups, and resumed her song; resumed it in very gladness of heart. Ah, could she but have known what this day was destined to bring forth for her before it should finally close, she had sunk down in all the blankness of despair! But there was no foreshadowing of it on her spirit.

"'Twas at the dawn of a summer morn
My false love hied away;
O'er his shoulder hung the hunter's horn,
And his looks were blithe and gay.

"'Ere the evening dew-drops fall, my love,'
He thus to me did say,
'I'll be at the garden gate, my love'—
And gaily he rode away."

Another interruption. Somebody tried the door—of which Rosaline had a habit of slipping the bolt—and then knocked sharply. Rosaline opened it. A rough-looking woman, miserably attired, stood there: an inhabitant of one of the poorest of the dwellings in this quarter.

"I wants to know," cried this woman, in a voice as rough as her words, and with a pronounciation that needs translation for the uninitiated reader, "whether the men be at work to-day?"

"I think not," replied Rosaline.

"There's that man o' mine gone off again to the Golden Shaft, and he'll make hisself bad, as he did yesterday! What the pingue does your father go and fill they up with lies about the Whistlers for? Now then! that's what I'd like to know. If Bell had heered they Whistlers, others 'ud ha' heered they."

"I can't tell you anything at all about it, Mrs. Janes," returned Rosaline, civilly but very distantly; for she knew this class of people to be immeasurably her inferiors, and held them at arms' length. "You can ask my father about it yourself; he'll be here by-and-by. I can't let you in now; mother's just as poorly as ever to-day, and cannot bear a noise."

Closing the door as she spoke, and slipping the bolt of it, lest rude Molly Janes should choose to enter by force, Rosaline took up her song again.

I watched from the topmost, topmost height,
'Till the sun's bright beams were o'er,
And the pale moon shed her vestal light—
But my lover returned no more."

Whether the men were still incited by a dread of the supposed ill-luck that the Seven Whistlers had warned them of, and were really afraid to descend into the mines, or whether they only seized on that pretext to make a second day's holiday, certain it was, that not a single man of them had gone to work. Ross, the overseer, reiterated his threats of condign punishment again and again; and reiterated in vain.

Mr. John Float at the Golden Shaft was doing a great stroke of business these idle days. As many men as could find a seat in his hospitable house took possession of it. Amongst them was Josiah Bell. Few persons had ever seen Bell absolutely intoxicated; but he occasionally took enough to render him more sullen than usual; and at such times he was sure to be quarrelsome.

Turning out of the Golden Shaft on this second day between twelve and one o'clock, Bell went along the street towards his home, together with some more men who lived in that direction. Dr. Raynor chanced to be standing on the pavement outside his house and accosted Bell. The other men walked on.

"Not at work yet, Bell?"

"Not at work yet," responded Bell, echoing the words as doggedly as he dared, and standing still to face the Doctor, while he said it.

"How long do you mean to let this fancy about the Seven Whistlers hinder you? When is it to end?"

Bell's eyes went out straight before him with a speculative look, as if trying to foresee what and where the end would be, and his tone and manner lost their fierceness. This fancy in regard to the Seven Whistlers—as the Doctor styled it—had evidently taken a serious, nay, a solemn hold upon him. Whether the other men anticipated ill-fortune from it, or no, it was most indisputable that Bell did.

"I don't know, sir," he said, quite humbly. "I should like to see the end."

"Are you feeling well, Bell?" continued Dr. Raynor, in a tone of sympathy—for the strange, grey pallor was on the man's face still.

"I'm well enough, Doctor. Why shouldn't I be?"

"You don't look well."

Bell shifted his stout stick from one hand to the other. "The Whistlers gave me a turn, I suppose," he said.

"Nonsense, man! You should not be so superstitious."

"Look here, Dr. Raynor," was the reply—and the tone was lowered to something that sounded very like fear. "You know of that bad hurt I got in the pit at Staffordshire—which laimed me for good? Well, the night previous to it I heared the Seven Whistlers. They warned me of ill-luck then: and now they've warned me again, and I know it will come. I'll not go down the mine till three days have passed. The other men may do as they like."

CHAPTER IV.

"LOOKING OUT FOR HIMSELF."

He walked on with the last words. Mr. Blase Pellet, who had been looking on at the passing interview from over the way, gazed idly after Bell until he had turned the corner and was out of sight. All in a moment, as though some recollection came suddenly to him, Blase tore off his white apron, darted in for his hat, and ran after Bell; coming up with him just beyond the parsonage.

What Mr. Blase Pellet communicated to him, to put Bell's temper up as it did, was best known to himself. If the young man had any conscience, one would think that a weight of remorse, for what that communication led to, must lie on it to his dying day. He was telling tales of Rosaline and Frank Raynor, representing the latter gentleman and matters in general in a very unfavorable light indeed.

"If he dares to molest her again, I'll knock his head off," threatened Bell to himself and the Bare Plain, as he parted with Pellet, and made his way across it, muttering and brandishing his stick. The other men had disappeared, each within his home. Bell was about to enter his, when Mrs. Molly Janes came out of her one room, her hair hanging, her gown in tatters, her voice shrill. She placed herself before Bell.

"I've been asking about my man. They tells me he is in a-drinking at the Golden Shaft. I'll twist his ears for him when he comes out on't! And now I'm a-going to have it out with you about they Whistlers! What the ——"

Mrs. Janes's eloquence was summarily cut short. With a sharpish push of the hand, Josiah Bell thrust her out of the way, strode on to his own door, and shut it against her.

Rosaline was alone, laying the cloth for dinner. Bell excited by drink, assaulted his daughter roundly, accusing her of "lightness" and all kinds of unorthodox things. Rosaline stared at him in simple astonishment.

"Why, father, what can you be thinking of?" she exclaimed. "Who has been putting this into your head?"

"Blase Pellet," said he. "And I'd a mind to knock him down for his pains—whether it's true or whether it's not."

"True!—that I could be guilty of light conduct!" returned Rosaline. "Father, I thought you knew me better. As to Mr. Raynor, I don't believe he is capable of an unworthy thought. He would rather do good in the world than evil."

And her tone was so truthful, her demeanor so consciously dignified, that Bell felt his ill thoughts melt away as if by magic; and he wished he *had* knocked Mr. Pellet down.

The day went on to evening, and tea was being partaken of at Dr. Raynor's. Five o'clock was the usual hour for the meal, and it was now nearly seven; but the Doctor had been some miles into the country to see a wealthy patient, and Edina waited for him. They sat round the table in the best parlor; the one whose bow-window looked on to the street. Its warm curtains were drawn before the window now, behind the small table that held the beautiful stand of white coral, brought home years ago by Major Raynor; the fire burned brightly; two candles stood near the tea-tray. Behind the Doctor, who sat facing the window, was a handsome cabinet, a few choice books on its shelves. Frank reading a newspaper and sipping his tea, sat between his uncle and Edina.

This was the night of the ball at the Mount. Edina was going to it. A most unusual dissipation for her; one she was entirely unaccustomed to. Tremnach afforded no opportunity for this kind of visiting, and it would have been all the same to Miss Raynor though it had. As she truly said, she had not been at a dance for years and years. Frank was making merry over it, asking her whether she could remember her "dancing steps."

"I am so sorry you promised for me, papa," she suddenly said. "I have been regretting it ever since."

"Why, Edina?"

"It is not in my way, you know, papa. And I have had the trouble of altering a dress."

"Mrs. St. Clare was good enough to press for your company, Edina—she candidly told me she had not enough ladies—and I did not like to refuse. She wanted *me* to go," added Dr. Raynor, with a broad smile.

"I'm sure, papa, you would be as much of an ornament as I shall be—and would be far more welcome," said Edina.

"Ornament? Oh, I leave that to Frank."

"I daresay you could dance, even now, as well as I can, papa."

Something like a spasm crossed his face. He dance now! Edina little thought how near—if matters in regard to himself were as he suspected—how very near he was to the end of all things.

"You look tired, papa" she said.

"I am tired, child. That horse of mine does not seem to carry me as easily as he did. Or perhaps it is I who feel his action more."

Dr. Raynor suppressed a sigh, and quitted the room. Frank rose, put his elbow on the mantlepiece, and glanced at his good-looking face in the glass.

"What time do you mean to start, Edina?"

"At half-past eight. I don't mean to go in later than nine. It is a shame to invite people at so late an hour!"

"It is late for Tremnach," acknowledged Frank. "Mrs. St. Clare has brought her fashionable hours with her."

At that moment, the entrance-door was pushed violently open, and an applicant clattered in, in a desperate hurry. Frank went out to see.

Mrs. Molly Janes was lying at her home, half-killed, in immediate need of the services of either Dr. or Mr. Raynor. Mr. Janes had just staggered home from his day's enjoyment at the Golden Shaft; his wife was unwise enough to attack him in that state; he had retaliated and nearly "done" for her. Such was the substance of the report brought by the messenger—a panting lad with wild eyes.

"You will have to go, Frank," said the Doctor. "I am sorry for it, but I am really not able to walk there to-night."

"Of course I will go, sir," replied Frank, in his cheery and ready way. "I shall be back long before Edina wants me. What are Mollie Janes' chief injuries?" he asked, turning to the boy.

"He've stamped on her like a fiend, master," answered the alarmed lad. "He've broke all her bones, he have."

A bad account. Frank prepared to start without delay. He had left his hat in the parlor; and while getting it he said a hasty word to Edina—he had to go off to the cottages on the Bare Plain. Edina caught up the idea that it was Mrs. Bell who needed him; she knew of no other patient in that quarter.

"Come back as quickly as you can, Frank," she said. "You have to dress, you know. Don't stay chattering with Rosaline."

"With Rosaline!" he exclaimed, in surprise. "Oh, I see. It is not Mrs. Bell who wants me, Edina; it is Mollie Janes. She and her husband have been at issue again."

With a gay laugh at Edina's advice touching Rosaline, and at the rather serious and certainly meaning tone she gave it in, Frank hastened away. The fact was, some odds and ends of joking had been heard in the village lately, coupling Frank's name with the girl's, and they had reached the ears of Edina. She intended to talk to Frank warningly about it on the first opportunity.

When about half-way across the Bare Plain Frank saw some man before him, in the bright moonlight, who was not over steady on his legs. The lad had gone rushing forward, thinking to come in for the tail of the fight; should it, haply, be still going on.

"What, is it you, Bell!" exclaimed Frank, recognizing the man as he overtook and passed him. "You've had nearly as much as you can carry, have you not?" he added, in light good-nature.

Bell, it was. Staggering home from the Golden Shaft. A very early hour indeed, considering the state he was in, for him to quit the seductions of that hostelrie. He had been unwise enough to go back to it after dinner, and there he had sat until now. Had he kept sober, the matter whispered to him by Blase Pellet would not have returned to rankle in his mind: as it was, it began to do so ominously. With every cup he took, the matter grew in his imagination, until it assumed an ugly black picture. And he had now come blundering forth with the intention of "looking out for himself," as ingeniously suggested to him by Blase Pellet. In short, to track the steps and movements of the two implicated people; to watch whether they met and all about it.

"Perhaps other folks will have as much as they can carry soon," was his insolent retort to Frank, lifting the heavy stick in his hand menacingly. At which Frank only laughed, and sped onwards.

A terribly savage mood came over Josiah Bell. Seeing Frank strike off to the right, towards the row of miners' dwellings, he concluded that it was to his house he was bent—to see Rosaline. And he gnashed his teeth in fury, and gave vent to a fierce oath because he could not overtake the fleet steps of the younger man.

Bursting in at his own door when he at length reached it, he cast his eyes round the room in search of the offenders. But all the living inmates that met his view consisted of his wife in her mob cap and white apron, knitting, as usual, in her own chair, and the cat sleeping upon the hearth.

"Where's Rosaline?"

Mrs. Bell put down her knitting—a grey worsted stocking for himself—and sighed deeply as she gazed at him. He had not been very sober at dinner time; he was worse now. Nevertheless she felt thankful that he had come home so soon.

"She's gone out!" he continued, before Mrs. Bell had spoken; and it was evident to her that the fact of Rosaline's being out was putting him into a furious passion. "Who is she along with?"

"Rose went over after tea to sit a bit with Granny Sandon. Granny's worse to-day, poor thing! I'm expecting her back every minute."

Bell staggered to the fire-place and stood there lifting his stick. His wife went on with her knitting in silence. To reproach him now would do harm instead of good. It must be owned that his exceeding to this extent was quite an exceptional case; not many times had his wife known him to do it.

"Where's Raynor?" he broke out.

"Raynor?" she echoed in surprise. "Do you mean Mr. Frank Raynor? I don't know where he is."

"He came in here a few minutes ago."

"Bless you, no, not he," returned the wife, in an easy tone, thinking it the best tone just then.

"Tell ye, I saw him come here."

"The moonlight must have misled you, Josiah. Mr. Raynor has not been here to-day. Put down your stick and take off your hat, man; and sit down and be comfortable."

To this persuasive invitation, Bell made no reply. Yet a minute or two he stood in silence, gazing in the fire; then, grasping his stick more firmly in his hand, and ramming his hat upon his head, he staggered out again, shutting the door with a bang. Mrs. Bell sighed audibly; she supposed he was returning to the Golden Shaft.

Meanwhile Frank Raynor was with Mrs. Mollie Janes. Her damages were not so bad as had been represented. Leaving her a model of artistically applied sticking-plaster, Frank started for home again. The night was most beautiful; the sky clear, save for a few fleecy clouds that now and then passed across it, the silvery moon riding grandly amidst them. Just as Frank came opposite the Bottomless Shaft he met Rosaline, on her way home from Granny Sandon's.

They stayed to speak—as a matter of course. Frank told her of the affray that had taken place, and the punishment of Molly Janes. While Rosaline listened, she kept her face turned in the direction she had come, as though she were watching for some one; and her quick eyes discerned a figure approaching in the bright moonlight.

"Good-night—you pass on, Mr. Frank," she suddenly and hurriedly exclaimed. "I am going to hide myself here for a minute."

Darting towards the Bottomless Shaft, she took refuge amongst the mounds by which it was surrounded; mounds which looked just like great earth batteries, thrown up in time of war. Instead of passing on his way, Frank followed her in sheer astonishment; and found her behind the furthermost mound at the back of the Shaft.

"Are you hiding from *me*?" he demanded. "What is it, Rosaline? I don't understand."

"Not from you," she whispered. "But why didn't you go on? Hush! There's some one going to pass that I don't want to see."

"Who is it? Your father? I think he is gone home."

"It is Blase Pellet," she answered. "I saw him at the shopdoor as I came by, and I thought he followed me. He talks nonsense, and I would rather walk home alone. Listen! Can we hear his footsteps, do you think, sir? He must be going by now."

Frank humored her; he did not particularly like Blase Pellet himself, but he had no motive in being still, save that it was her wish. On the contrary, he would have preferred to be travelling homewards, for he had not much time to lose. Whistling very softly, scarcely above his breath, his back against the nearest mound, he watched the white clouds coursing in the sky.

"He must have passed now, Rosaline."

She stole cautiously away, to reconnoitre; and came back with a beaming face.

"Yes," she said, "and he has made good speed, for he is out of sight. He must have set off with a run, thinking to catch me up."

"I wonder you were not afraid to go through the mound by yourself and pass close to the Bottomless Shaft," cried Frank, in a tone of raillery, and no longer deeming it necessary to lower his voice. "Old Sandon's ghost might have come out, you know, and eaten you up."

"I am not afraid of old Sandon's ghost," said Rosaline.

"I daresay not!" laughed Frank.

In a spirit of bravado, or perhaps in very lightness of heart, Rosaline ran suddenly through the zigzag turnings and windings, until she stood close to the mouth of the Shaft. Frank followed her, quickly too, for in truth he was impatient to be gone.

"I am listening for the ghosts groans," said she, her head bent forward over the yawning pit, her ear turned in the attitude of listening. It was a dangerous position; the least slip, one incautious step nearer, might have been irredeemable; and Frank put his arm round her waist to protect her.

Another half moment passed, when they hardly knew what occurred. A bellow of rage, a heavy stick brandished over them in the air by some intruder, and Rosaline started back, to see her father. Old Bell must have been hiding amongst the mounds on his own score, looking out for what there might be to see.

Down came the stick heavily on Frank's shoulder. An instant's scuffle and a push ensued: a yell from a dispairing, falling man; a momentary glimpse of an upturned face, a shrill cry of horror in a woman's voice; an agonized word from her companion; a heavy thud, as of some dull weight dropping into the earth at what sounded like a frightful distance, and all was over. And Francis Raynor and the unhappy Rosaline were alone; standing together under the pitiless moonlight.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MISPLACED IDOLATRY.

One of the most painful instances of unworthy idolatry—or rather, more correctly, of idolatry for an unworthy object—is that of a mother for a bad child. Reared, and loved, and believed in as the epitome of all the manly graces and all the heroic virtues, he is, in fact, a scapegrace, and going bodily to the bad. And, though the idolatry of a mother is more tenacious than any other, and harder to be beaten from its faith and its holding, still it has to come to disclosure sooner or later, and the big splay feet must be shown standing in mire and made of the coarsest clay; the robe of deception must be raised, and its frayed and ragged fringes shown to the world at large; the love and reverence, which knelt daily at his shrine, must be barred out from further exercise, as were Adam and Eve out from Paradise, and the base reality made manifest. It is woful to see how mothers, like wives, cling to their belief in the idol, and to his gold and purity of ring, long after others have seen his actual hideousness and vileness of material. Heaven gave women for some good purpose this fidelity of faith, and men take advantage of it, and use it cruelly. How many hearts have broken before now for the shattering of their idol—for the discovery of clay in the place of refined gold!

Somebody compares the passions to runaway horses, which you must tame by letting them have their run—a perilous experiment, in which the rider may break his neck. In the voyage of life we had better imitate the ancient mariners, who, without losing sight of the earth, trusted to the heavenly signs for their guidance. Happy the man, the tide of whose passions, like that of the great ocean, is regulated by light from above.

FARM AND GARDEN.

WASH FOR FRUIT TREES.—The *Practical Farmer*, speaking of a wash for the bodies of fruit trees, recommends the following: One ounce of copperas to eight or ten gallons of water, forms a good wash, and is advised for trial as a preventive against blight. One pound of bleachers' soda and one gallon of water forms a wash that cleans off all insects, and leaves the trees with fresh young-looking, healthy bark.

PACKING CHOICE PEARS FOR EXHIBITIONS.—The *Gardeners Monthly* gives this good advice upon packing choice pears for transportation: "A pear should be put in clean paper and then laid in dry moss. An inch at least of thickness of moss should be between each pear, and after the pears are all in, then the box filled tightly with moss. If one decays, then the moisture is quietly absorbed by the dry moss, and the others are not affected. Besides, the moss gives an elasticity, and breaks the shock of the blows of the "baggage smashers."

A GOOD WAY TO KEEP APPLES ONE YEAR.—Years ago, when we produced large fruit, we always kept apples in excellent condition during the entire year. At a recent Agricultural Convention in Utica, N. Y., a quantity of fair apples were exhibited which were plump, fresh and of good flavor, quite as good as the same kind of apples are ordinarily on the approach of spring. The apples had been put up in refuse boxes the year previous, and in the following manner: A layer of dry sawdust was sprinkled at the bottom of the box, and then a layer of apples placed in, so that they do not touch each other. Upon this was placed a layer of sawdust, and so on till the box was filled. The boxes, after being packed in this way, were placed on the wall in the cellar, up from the ground, where they kept perfectly, retaining their freshness and flavor until brought out.

TO MAKE A HAY RUCK.—The "buck" requires a piece of timber, four by six inches, and from fourteen to sixteen inches long, with five or six fingers, from two to three feet apart; the centre finger seven feet in length, running down on each side to the shortest, two or three feet. Several upright pieces are imbedded into main beams to keep the hay from falling off in the rear. There is a six-inch board under the fingers and bed piece, for the purpose of pitching the "buck" forward, so as to run under the hay cock; also another of the same width on the top of the fingers, six inches in front of bed piece, fastened with bolts to the fingers, and also other bolts passing through the fingers to bed piece. It is drawn by a 30-foot rope, each end of which is hooked into staples at each end of the beam. I have been more minute in the description, from the fact that they had not been seen in use elsewhere. One of Faust's hay loaders had made its appearance in the valley, and although it had not been fully tested, was thought to be a success.

TOMATO VINES AND THE CURCULIO.—It is stated that a fruit grower in Valparaiso, South America, writing to his local paper, states the discovery of a singular property in tomato leaves. It appears that having cut down some tomato vines he used them as a "mulch" around his peach trees. He soon discovered that the circulio, which had been destroying his fruit, had abandoned the trees surrounded by the tomato vines. Following up this accidental discovery he found that the free use of tomato vines proved a perfect protection, not only against the circulio but against other noxious insects. He found also that by steeping in water some fresh leaves of the tomato and sprinkling the infusion upon other plants, such as roses and orange trees, the innumerable insects which covered them were driven away. It is too late to try the plan this season. We do not, however, think the "little Turk" will be affected by it seriously; nevertheless, it is worth trying, not only on the circulio, but other noxious insects, upon the principle that what is food for one, is poison to another.

THE WONDERFUL CUP.

There was once a King who had a wonderful cup. He had only to look at it, and he saw at once what was the wisest thing to do; so that it answered quite as well, or better, in governing a kingdom than a dozen prime ministers.

But one day the King was unlucky enough to make his aunt very angry. Now this aunt was a fairy. So she turned herself three times, and said:—

"Come hither, come hither, come to me,
Golden cup by which fools see!"

and immediately the cup came flying through the window.

"Your Majesty is so wise," she said to the King, and putting the cup into her pocket, "that you do not need this cup any longer; but your kingdom, nevertheless, shall never prosper again, unless your son marries the girl to whom I shall give the cup."

So saying, she disappeared with the wonderful cup, before either the King or the guards could even try to stop her.

From that day, as she had foretold, everything went wrong in the kingdom. The army was beaten in all its battles. The King blundered continually in making laws; and King, court, and people grew poor together. So when his son became of marriageable age, the King made haste to proclaim that the Prince would marry that lady that should have the wonderful cup in her possession.

Hearing this, a large number of ladies, who thought it would be an excellent thing to become the wife of a Prince, came to court; and each one wrote to her fairy relatives to help her find the cup, promising splendid things by way of reward; and while they were waiting, hoping to find the cup, passed their time merrily at court.

Now, it happened one day that a number of these ladies were sitting in the palace-gardens; and as they sat there, an old, old woman came hobbling along, leaning on a crutch.

"Good, kind ladies, which of you will help me?" cried the old woman. "I want to see the King."

At this, most of the ladies laughed; but one of them, who was named Grazella, said: "Why do you wish to see the King, old woman?"

On this, the old woman began to cry, and say that her next neighbor was a wicked man, and was going to take away from her her little house and garden, pretending that she owed him money; and as he was a very rich man, no one would dare to help her, unless it should be the King:—but before she had half finished, the ladies turned their backs on her, and began laughing and talking of other things.

Seeing this, the old woman took out from her mantle a queer old cup, that might be gold, but looked more like brass.

"I will give this," said the old woman, "to whoever will help me to see the King."

"She is crazy," said all the ladies, and even Grazella laughed at the old brass cup; but as the old woman, seeing that they would not notice her, turned to go away, she tottered and fell. Instantly Grazella sprang to pick her up, helped her to regain her crutch, and tied on her hood for her, which had tumbled off, and feeling very sorry for her.

"Come with me," said Grazella, "and I will take you to the King."

"What, that scarecrow?" cried the ladies; "silly old creature! You are as mad as she, Grazella."

But Grazella led the old woman along, paying no attention to what they said, till they came to the King, who was sitting on his throne.

"Who is this?" asked the King, surprised at seeing the beautiful Grazella in such company; but how much more surprised was he when the old woman, dropping her hood, showed him the features of his fairy-aunt; and handing the cup to Grazella, said, "I give you this cup for your kindness of heart."

And lo! it was the long-lost wonderful cup.

So Grazella married the Prince, and the other ladies went home pouting; and no wonder! Think how provoking, to have had the long-sought cup under their very noses, and to have refused it! No wonder they were vexed!

RIDICULE.

It is very easy to ridicule any one or anything, any belief or any theory—to sneer, and smile, and say smart things; but, after all, ridicule proves nothing. Almost every great discovery or invention has been the subject of ridicule at some time. Nobody could laugh enough at the idea that the world was round, when that fact was first suggested. As for the steamboat, there are people still living who remember when it was believed to be the dream of a madman. Theories that we do not understand, propositions which we cannot comprehend, are apt to set us sneering, and odd garments are an unfailing source of amusement to almost every one. Certainly, it is always wise to look like other people, as far as dress goes; but the ungainly creature, in an antediluvian hat and coat, may be your superior, monsieur, despite your latest *modes* and the lessons of your dancing-master. And you, mademoiselle, who are so near perfection in matters of the toilette, may not be so near heaven as the old lady with the yellow handkerchief, blue umbrella, and red pocket-handkerchief. As for personal misfortune, what can be said of any one who finds there a subject for ridicule? A deformed figure, a halting gait, stammering speech—these should and do excite sympathy, not ridicule, in all noble bosoms. Ridicule is a weapon which, if aimed at contemptible actions and the meaner vices, may sometimes do good; but it is a dangerous one, save in wise hands. Think twice before you use it, and haply you may save yourself from mocking one, the hem of whose garment you are not worthy to kiss.

HOME EDUCATION.—We should not hesitate to attribute greater importance to home education than to school education; for it is beneath the parental roof, when the heart is young, and melted by the warmth of fireside affection, that the deepest impressions are made; it is at home, beneath parental influence and example, that the foundations of physical, moral and mental habits are laid; it is at home where lasting opinions are founded. School instruction can never supersede the necessity of vigilant parental leading and training at the fireside.

MATCH-MAKING.

BY MARY RUSSELL.

"Girls, leave your match-making to Providence."

The voice came from Grandma's quiet corner, and the two young girls who were busy answering some matrimonial advertisements, started guiltily, and the color flamed up into their fair faces.

Edna, the younger of the sisters, was the first to recover her composure, and, with a little toss of her pretty head, she answered lightly:

"I guess every one has to look out for himself; anyway, it does no harm to have a little sport!"

"My dear girls," said the old lady, coming forward out of the retired corner, where she had sat so quietly knitting that her grand-daughters had not, at first, been aware of her presence, "marriage is not a subject of sport! It is a solemn contract, opening a field of increased usefulness and happiness to the parties joined thereby, or bringing a terrible blight upon their lives and those of their offspring. In any step, as important as this, God will not leave us to our own frail judgment and short-sightedness, if we but look earnestly to Him for direction and guidance. Yes, girls, you are safe in leaving your match-making to Providence; and whether He decrees that you shall be happy wives and mothers, or that you shall walk life's paths alone, be assured that He in His wisdom knows what is best!"

A thoughtful expression came over the elder sister's face. In her girlish love for adventure and admiration she had never realized how dangerous might be this taking her fate in her own hands, and trifling with subjects of a solemn and vital import. But Edna drummed impatiently on the writing desk until grandma was safely out of hearing, then she said, carelessly:

"These old fogies think they know every thing! I suppose I might modestly hide myself behind grandma's knitting-sheaf, until the Lord moves some of these village clod-hoppers to take pity on me, or die an old maid!"

She was a beauty—this seventeen-year-old Edna—and her parents' favorite child.

"I think grandma is about right," returned Marcia. "Somehow I never realized before how solemn and responsible an undertaking this getting married is, and yet I know, too, for there are many examples of wedded misery even in our simple village."

"Oh, nonsense! do you suppose I'm going to throw myself away on any of these poor villagers? If papa were able to let me go out into the world where there was somebody, it would be different; as it is, this advertisement is just the thing: 'A wealthy gentleman of high social standing, wishes to open a correspondence with a lady possessing youth and beauty, etc., etc.' Now I'll finish my answer to this, while you finish yours to that charming poet!"

Marcia rose and took her half-written sheet of note-paper from the desk, and dropped it upon the red hot coals in the fire-place. She watched it quietly as it blackened, then reddened, and then with a little puff and blaze disappeared.

"There, it is finished!" she said, simply. But Edna's letter was put in the evening mail.

* * * * * * *

The result can be surmised. It was not many weeks before Edna Gaines' correspondent was seen in the village—a rather handsome worldly-looking man, well-dressed and pompous. Evidently he was charmed with the pretty village maiden, and as he represented himself well-connected and rich, the fond, ambitious mother did not discourage his attentions to her young daughter. But the father had no confidence in his pretentions, and when he saw that his child was determined to marry him, he quietly set out for the city that the man claimed for his home. There, through the help of an old friend, who engaged a detective to look up the man's character and relations, he found that his fears were well-grounded, and that he was but a genteel loafer and gambler. Hastening home, he made known the facts, and at once closed his door upon the stranger. Happy that the affair had gone no further, and thinking that, of course, the girl's regard for the stranger would at once turn to contempt after he had been proved a liar and scoundrel, the simple old father thought no more of the matter.

Alas, for the foolish, pretty child. She fancied she loved the man, and, of course, with a woman's faith believed in him. There was many a stolen interview under the thick leaved elms by the river; many a deceit practised upon her parents and sister. And one morning she was gone! Of that dreary, deserted home it is needless to speak. She had been its sunlight and its pride. How many bright, ambitious hopes had centered around this beautiful daughter, only those fond hearts knew; and through all their grief vibrated a bitter chord of remorse; how often had she been humored in selfishness and willfulness when wisdom and duty demanded her correction.

One little note came from Edna, saying that she was married and gone to a distant city to live, and then the doting parents settled down to a hopeless apathy.

Marcia was not long in seeing where her path of duty lay. Her mother had become an invalid after this terrible shock; her grandmother was old and feeble, while her father depended upon her, not only for his home comforts, but for assistance in his business affairs. There were some little heart-hopes of her own that had been quietly budding and blossoming in those past six months. She had, with the consent of her parents, been receiving the attentions of a young man of the village. He was handsome, upright and industrious, and Marcia, feeling sure that Providence had brought him to her, allowed her heart to twine its strong tendrils of affection about him, while her girlish fancy clothed him in all the attributes of a hero.

When this misfortune fell upon the family and Marcia's lover had become convinced that it might be many years before the girl would leave her parents to become his wife, his visits suddenly ceased, and it was not long before Marcia learned, through a village gossip, that he was paying his addresses to one of her girl acquaintances. Was there no struggle, then, between the warm love of this young heart and the cold decrees of stern duty? God only knows! That she suffered much and overcome much, there can be no doubt.

A few weeks later he was married and began his housekeeping in the little cottage next to Marcia's home.

* * * * * * *

Ten years later!

The quiet village life still went on as of old, in spite of individual gains and losses. Time had softly dropped its healing years over many a heart-wound and sorrow.

Marcia, a quiet, gentle woman now, still lived in her childhood's home and cared for her aged father. The young life of the erring sister, years before, had gone out amidst poverty and want, and soon after the sad, invalid mother had followed her darling to the haven of rest that awaits the world-weary. The good old grandmother, too, had quietly closed her eyes upon her long life of usefulness, and Marcia, supplying the last wants of each of these, hearing their last words of love, and holding their hands as they passed into the shadow of death, felt that, truly, in Duty's thorny path are hidden God's peace and benediction!

Her old lover still lived in the neighboring cottage, and his half-dozen boisterous children often played about her own door, while the somewhat weary-looking mother frequently dropped in for a quiet hour in which to breathe her wifely trials into a sympathizing ear; for her husband is a selfish, exacting man.

Marcia sees him pass her gate every morning, and, sometimes, she smiles a little contemptuously to herself, and wonders if this somewhat boorish and decidely prosaic man can be the hero of her girlhood!

One evening she sat on the little cottage porch, thinking of how wisely and tenderly God had shaped all the events of her life that she had trusted in His hands. Before her came the picture of two young girls sitting by a writing-desk and trying to take the threads of in their own hands and weave them according to their own foolish fancies. And then, with a rush of tears, quickly comes another picture, where the younger and lovlier of the two is lying upon a wretched bed, with her hands clasped in those of the weeping sister who has come too late to save her—beautiful, lost Edna!

A step on the gravel-walk arouses Marcia, and looking up quickly she sees the doctor, that reliable friend who, through many a night of weary watching and many a bitter hour of loss, has stood by her with help and sympathy.

Marcia feels the warm color rise to her cheeks as she gives him her hand, and is a little provoked at herself; surely, it is time she was over that girlish habit, she thinks; and then she becomes conscious that the doctor has not released her hand, and blushes deeper than before.

"Marcia," he said, in a straight-forward, earnest way. "I have come to ask you to be my wife?"

She was quite still for a minute, with a great surprise and joy. She could hardly realize that Providence had reserved this great blessing for her. But there he stood—the hero of her thoughtful womanhood, strong, wise and noble, with a world of deep love in his grave face, and—well they were married. To-day, one of the happiest wives in the land often repeats this maxim to her young friends:

"Girls, leave your match-making to Providence!"

JOAN OF ARC.

Joan. Expect Saint Martin's summer, halcyon days,
Since I have entered into these wars.
King Henry VI. (First Part) Act I., Scene II.

Voltaire and Shakspeare have both done great injustice to the character of Joan of Arc, and evidently took their texts from those who purposely sullied the maiden's name in order to shield her accusers and those who condemned her from the stigma with which the atrocious act of her burning should have deservedly overwhelmed them. She was sentenced to be burnt as a witch and a sorceress, "hanging being too good for her;" and Shakspeare, in one of the scenes in the play, presents her in communication with the fiends, who now no longer obey her mandates. He also represents her as the mistress of Charles the Dauphin. Other poets and writers have done her equal injustice; and it was not until Robert Southey wrote his beautiful epic, "Joan of Arc," that we had the maiden represented in her true character.

The parents of Jeanne d'Arc were common peasant people living in one of the valleys on the Vosges, on the old frontiers of Lorraine, in the village of Domremy la Pucelle, on the banks of the Meuse. In the midst of timid and superstitious persons, who were in continual alarm and trouble at the misfortunes of their country, Joan was quietly occupied in domestic duties, and sometimes driving the cattle to pasture. Her whole history has been minutely traced; but we can only glance at the principal facts. She was of delicate frame, and uncommon sensibility of temperament. Her enthusiasm and her habits of solitary meditation explain the angelic voices and visions of the maid. While her companions were sporting beneath the fairies' tree, the beautiful May, not far from the fountain of Domremy, Joan was singing and dancing by herself, in pious enthusiasm, and binding garlands for the holy Virgin, in the little chapel of "Our Lady of Bellemont," which she usually visited on Saturday. She was never a servant—at least, not at an inn. The English chroniclers have misrepresented these facts; and Hume is also in error. The beautiful Joan was but eighteen when she went to the Dauphin at Chinon, in Touraine. Commanded, as she asserted, by a vision of Our Lady of Bellemont, to raise the siege of Orleans, and to conduct Charles to Rheims to be crowned, she presented herself in February, 1429, to the Governor of Vaucouleur, Robert of Baudricourt, who at first thought her possessed, and twice dismissed her; but, upon her returning a third time, he sent her to Chinon with letters of recommendation. Here the Dauphin ordered her to be examined by the Bishop of Meux and John Morin. She is also said to have immediately pointed out the King, whom she had never seen, and who had purposely mixed among his courtiers, and to have repeated to him a prayer which he had made to the Virgin Mary. Shakspeare thus gives the interview. Answering a question, she replies:—

Joan. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,
My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.
Heaven and our Lady gracious hath it pleased
To shine on my contemptible estate:
Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
And to the sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,
God's mother deigned to appear to me,
And in a vision full of majesty
Will'd me to leave my base vocation
And free my country from calamity;
Her aid she promised and assured success;
In complete glory she revealed herself;
And, whereas I was black and swart before,
With those clear rays which she infused on me
That beauty am I blest with which you see.
Ask me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer unpremeditated;
My courage try by combat, if thou darest,
And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.
Resolve on this, thou shalt be fortunate,
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

Charles challenges her to single combat, to test her powers. She defeats him, and is accepted as the heroine of France, to overthrow the English. In this she was at first successful, and the news was soon conveyed to England by a special messenger:—

Mess. My honorable lords, health to you all!
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of loss, of slaughter and discomfiture:
Guienne, Champagne, Rheims, Orleans,
Paris, Guysors, Poictiers, are all quite lost.
Exe. How were they lost? what treachery was used?
Mess. No treachery; but want of men and money.
Amongst the soldiers this is muttered:
That here you maintain several factions,
And whilst a field should be dispatch'd and fought,
You are disputing of your generals:
One would have lingering wars with little cost;
Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;
A third thinks, without expense at all,
By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.

In reading the above, it must be noted how extraordinarily applicable is the news of the messenger to the recent, and it may be the present, affairs in France. Almost every line tells, and more could be given, did our space permit, showing that Shakspeare was, indeed, the "poet of all time."

The war in which Joan of Arc played such a conspicuous part occurred after the death of Charles VI, King of France, when Henry VI of England, then a child of nine months old, was proclaimed King of France, according to the Treaty of Troyes (1420), his uncle, the Duke of Bedford, acting as Regent. France had been distracted for forty-two years by civil dissensions; and, at length, nearly the whole of that kingdom was under the dominion of England. It was no wonder, then, at that superstitious and fanatical period, that the enthusiasm of the people were aroused at the strange advent of Joan of Arc. In a male dress armed cap-a-pie, she bore the sword and the sacred banner, as the signal of victory, at the head of the army. Still, no unfeminine cruelty ever stained her conduct. She was wounded several times herself, but never killed any one, or shed any blood with her own hand. After sunset she avoided the company of men, passed her nights with the women, and kept all loose females, as much as possible, from the camp. The general belief in her elevated mission produced the most extraordinary effects. Resolute, chivalrous, pious and brave, looking to one single aim, she was skilfully employed by the generals to animate the army. With 10,000 men, under the joint command of St. Severe, Dunois, and La Hire, many places were taken, and the English compelled to abandon the siege of Orleans. In the end, Joan of Arc was captured by the Burgundians at Compiegne, and handed over to the English. It is some consolation for us to know that at her mock trial only one Englishman, the Bishop of Winchester, condemned her to her cruel fate.

POETRY AND REALITY.

What a beautiful gift to the plodders of earth is the faculty of ideality, which clothes our surroundings with a charm and a poetry, that are irresistible to the gifted ones who possess it! It is this which rims the blackest cloud with an effulgent silver lining, and makes our darkest days have still a redeeming glow of sunlight over and above them. It is this which causes the lover to clothe his beloved with the divine *aureola* of the limner, until he idealizes her as something far above the ordinary earthly mortals. Ah! sorry the day for him, if it ever does come, when he finds the object of his adoration only clay, and very ordinary clay also! Better remain lovers forever, with your idealistic images unbroken by the iconoclast of a bitter wedded experience, than to wake to such a realization. Dr. Holland, in his poem of "Bitter-Sweet," speaks of a marriage which took place when

"Apple-blossoms drifted on the ground;
The skies were soft, the roses budded full;
The meads and swelling uplands fresh and green;
The very atmosphere was full of love!"

But not long afterwards he tells us of the day when ideality gave place to reality, and speaks of

"Castles of air in long and glittering lines,
Which melted into air,"

and

"Fell
With a faint crash like that which scares the soul
When dissolution shivers through a dream
Smitten by nightmare."

HERE AND THERE.

ALL things perish except virtue and the old blue army overcoats.

MANY a lady in Washington has come to want—come to want diamond earrings.

THE newest floral sentiment: "If you wish for heart's ease, dont look to marigold."

"ARE you the fellow what's going West?" inquired a cabby of a gentleman, the other evening; "cause I'm the gentleman what's to drive, if you be!"

IN a late number of the New York *Times*, a novel announcement of a lady's death appears terminating thus: "Friends will kindly accept this announcement of her removal."

A SERVANT-GIRL, hearing the lady of the house ask her husband to bring "Dombey and Son" with him when he came home to dinner, laid two extra plates for the supposed visitors.

"MY dear," said a gentleman to a young lady to whom he thought to be married, "do you intend to make a fool of me?" "No," replied the lady; "nature has saved me the trouble."

A SPREAD-EAGLE orator wanted the wings of a bird to fly to every village and hamlet in the broad land, but he wilted, when a naughty boy in the crowd sung out: "You'd be shot for a goose before you had filed a mile."

WHO finds all the umbrellas that everybody loses? Every man we meet loses the umbrella he buys; but we have never got acquainted with the man that finds them. Can any one answer the question before the next rain?

THE little daughter of a candidate for a local office in Saratoga county, New York, was told to run and tell her aunt that "Mr. Young has got the nomination;" and the little one cried out, "Oh, mamma, do they ever die of it?"

"WHEREVER I go," said a Yankee gentleman, remarkable for his State pride, "I am sure to find sensible men from my own State." "No wonder," said the gentleman he was addressing; "for any man of that State who has any sense leaves it as fast as he can."

ODD JOBBER: "I wish I'd got my brother on this beer job with me." Inquiring Employer: "Why, my man, your brother specially?" Odd Jobber: "Why, ye see, sir, he's got a rare cheek on him, my brother has. Why, he'd think no more of asking for a quart over a job like this—than nothing."

THE orator Crassus, having wept the loss of a murena, a fish which he himself had fed, was taunted with the weakness by Domitius, when pleading against him in the Roman senate. "It is true," he replied, "that I shed tears for my fish; but that is more than you did at the death of either of your two wives."

"CONSIDERING that the mosquitoes are making their fall raids, and are particularly lively just now, my dear," said Jones to his wife, "don't you think it would be a good idea to bring the baby's crib into our room? We might divert the attention of the voracious insects from ourselves. I hate to be broken of my rest, and the baby can sleep all day you know."

WHEN Mrs. Robinson published her "Sappho and Phaon," she wrote thus to Boaden, the newspaper editor: "Mrs. Robinson would thank Mr. Boaden for a dozen puffs for 'Sappho and Phaon.'" By a mistake of the postman, this note was delivered to Mr. Bowden, the pastry-cook, who sent her his answer: "Mr. Bowden's respectful compliments to Mrs. Robinson, and should be very happy to serve her; but as she is not a regular customer, he cannot send the puffs for the young folks without receiving the money."

TWO Irishmen, lately landed, were boarding at a hotel where they were sorely troubled with mosquitoes, and could hardly obtain enough sleep to satisfy nature.

"Put yer head under the blankets," said Mike, "an' thin they'll not bite yees."

Pat did as requested, but scarcely had he found himself free from mosquitoes, when he was attacked by the bedbugs, that he had failed to notice.

"Bad luck to me, Mike," said he, "here's another kind widout wings an' fiddles; but bagorra, they bite as hard as the others."

"MARIAR HAS GONE TO BED."—A young man in the Sixth District had parted his flaxen locks in the most impartial manner; if there was a hair more on one side of his head than on the other the difference could not be observed. He had a tolerably good tenor voice, and he had mastered a new song. The moonlight shone brightly down on the green sward in front of the residence which held the maiden of his heart. The youth crept softly up the sidewalk, and let out his soul in melody: "Darling, I'm waiting for thee, waiting for thee." He had hardly completed the second chorus when a window blind was cautiously opened, something white was seen by the light of the moon, and an oblish voice, not in harmony with the music, said: "It's all right, young man, but you needn't wait any longer; Mariar has gone to bed."—*Baltimore News.*

WHY HE WAS LIKE A DONKEY.—One of our citizens is blessed, or otherwise, with a very stubborn wife. In his case he finds that when a woman will she will, you may depend on't, and when she won't she won't, and that's the end on't. This peculiarity of disposition in his wife is no secret among his associates, and one of them meeting him the other day, asked:

"W——, do you know why you are like a donkey?"

"Like a donkey?" echoed W——, opening his eyes wide. "No, I don't."

"Do you give it up?"

"I do."

"Because your better half is stubbornness itself."

"That's not bad. Ha! ha! I'll give that to my wife when I get home."

"Mrs.——," he asked as he sat down to supper, "do you know why I am like a donkey?"

He waited a moment expecting his wife to give it up. But she didn't. She looked at him somewhat commiseratingly as she answered:

"I suppose because you were born so."

Emaciation a Remediable Defect.

Leanness not only detracts from personal comeliness, but is an index that the blood is deficient in nutritive properties. To remedy emaciation, enrich and purify the blood, which will then develop healthy flesh. This object is most readily attained through the agency of the great blood fertilizer and depurent, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which enables the stomach to extract from the food taken into it ample nourishment for the system, removes all obstacles to complete digestion and assimilation, and by stimulating the kidneys to vigorous action, incites those organs to strain from the vital fluid in its passage through them impurities which would otherwise impair its flesh-creating qualities. Not only do the Bitters promote the development of solid fiber, but they also increase muscular power and elasticity, overcome nervousness, banish mental depression, and protect the system against disease.

Several of the large hotels with an abundant and regular patronage, have found that their profits will not be diminished by a reduction in prices. The "American" in Boston, one of the oldest and most popular hotels of the East, has reduced its rates to $3.00, $3.50 and $4.00 per day. This excellent house is the only one in Boston of so standard a reputation, where guests can get the best accommodations so reasonably.

DR. J. H. SCHENCK,

Of Philadelphia, has actually composed a medicine of purely vegetable ingredients, which is proved by experience to have all the good effects of Calomel, and none of its mischievous qualities. This invaluable medicine is comprised in SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS, which are found to be a never-failing remedy for all Diseases of the Liver, and every other disorder for which Calomel is usually prescribed by Allopathic physicians.

DR. RADWAY'S
Sarsaparillian Resolvent,
THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.
FOR THE CURE OF ALL CHRONIC DISEASES, SCROFULA, ULCERS, CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, ERYSIPELAS, KIDNEY, BLADDER, AND LIVER COMPLAINTS, DYSPEPSIA, AFFECTIONS OF THE LUNGS AND THROAT, PURIFIES THE BLOOD, RESTORING HEALTH AND VIGOR: CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION SECURED TO ALL.
Sold by Druggists. Price $1 per bottle.

R. R. R.
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF,
THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.
ONE 50 CENT BOTTLE
WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS, AND PREVENT THE SYSTEM AGAINST SUDDEN ATTACKS OF EPIDEMIUS AND CONTAGIOUS DISEASES, THAN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EXPENDED FOR OTHER MEDICINES OR MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.
THE MOMENT RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS APPLIED EXTERNALLY—OR TAKEN INTERNALLY ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS—PAIN, FROM WHATEVER CAUSE, CEASES TO EXIST.
In all cases where pain or discomfort is experienced, or if seized with Influenza, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Bad Coughs, Hoarseness, Bilious Colic, Inflammation of the Bowels, Stomach Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, or with Croup, Quinsy, Fever and Ague, or with Neuralgia, Headache, Tic Doloreux, Toothache, Earache, or with Lumbago, Pain in the Back, or Rheumatism, or with Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or Dysentery, or with Burns, Scalds, or Bruises, or with Sprains, Cramps, or Spasms, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will cure you of the worst of these complaints in a few hours.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Dr. Radway's Regulating Pills
Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure.
Price 25 cents per box. Sold by Druggists.
DR. RADWAY & CO.,
32 Warren Street, New York.

25 FANCY CARDS, all styles, with name, 10c; postpaid. J. B. HUSTED, Nassau, Rens Co. N. Y.

BIG PAY to sell our RUBBER PRINTING STAMPS. Terms free. TAYLOR & Co., Cleveland, O.

YES YES WE WANT an agent in every town. Easy work at home. Write now and we will start you. $8 a day sure to all. SIMPSON & SMITH, 66 Cortlandt st., New York.

$894 made by ONE agent in 37 days. 13 new articles, samples free. Address C. M. LINNGTON, Chicago.

THE TOLL-GATE Prize picture sent free! An ingenious game! 30 objects to find! Address, with stamp, E. C. ABBEY, Buffalo, N. Y.

$200 A Month. Outfit worth $1. Free to Agents. Excel. Mfg. Co., 151 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

$55 to $77 a week to Agents. Samples FREE. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

Still Ahead! Your name neatly printed on 30 nice Bristol Cards for 50c.; 50 Ornate, 75c.; 20 Acqualance, 25c. Elegant card cases, 10 and 15c. each. Standard Card Co., Brooklyn, Mass.

A BIG CHANCE FOR MONEY. NEW NOVELties and chromos; jewelry, stationery packages &c. Address National Novelty Co., 401 Chestnut st., Philadelphia, Pa.

5 000 AGENTS WANTED. $50 to $80 a week and Expenses, or $100 forfeited. All the new and standard Novelties and Chromos, Stationery Packages, Watches, Jewelry, etc. Special terms given to Agents everywhere. We send Valuable Samples with Circulars of our Goods *Free* to all. L. FLETCHER, 21 Dey street, N. Y.

NO MONEY We will start you in a business you can make $20 a week, without capital; easy and respectable for either sex. AGENTS' SUPPLY Co., 301 Bowery, N. Y.

$3000 CASH. HEALTHIEST PLACE IN the U. S. Very pretty farm of 23½ acres, well fruited. Good house, barn, outbuildings, horse, wagons, chickens, turkeys, ducks, &c. A beautiful stream runs through the grounds. Good private reasons given for selling. Apply to T. W., Box 277, Vineland, N. J.

CHALLENGE STATION EST PACKAGE
The only complete package in the market, contains 15 sheets paper, 15 envelopes, pencil, pen-holder, 2 bottles ink, package of ink powder sufficient to make a bottle of best black ink in one second, 50 valuable receipts, and a elegant combination set of cheap jewelry, made and sold at least for $1. Bicycle package, 25 cents; A gentleman with assorted jewelry, $1; 12 packages $2. Terms for sample dozen and exceptional terms to agents. F. STOCKMAN, 27 Read street, New York.

Ayer's Ague Cure.

Rx Quinine and arsenic form the basis of many of the Ague remedies in the market, and are the last resort of physicians and people who know no better medicine to employ for the distressing complaint. The effects of either of these drugs are destructive to the system, producing headache, intestinal disorders, serious derangement, ringing of the ears, and depression of the constitutional health. AYER'S AGUE CURE is a vegetable discovery, containing neither quinine, arsenic, nor any deleterious ingredient, and is an infallible and rapid cure for every form of Fever and Ague. Its effects are permanent and certain, and no injury can result from its use. Besides being a positive cure for Fever and Ague in all its forms, it is also a supreme remedy for Liver Complaints. It is an excellent tonic and preventive, as well as cure, of all complaints peculiar to malarious, marshy and miasmatic districts. It acts directly on the Liver and Biliary apparatus, thus stimulating the system to a vigorous, healthy condition.
YOU SAID BY ALL DEALERS.

LOOK 23 Best Selling articles in the World. One Sample free, and an order good C. S. ATKINSON & CO., 2 Clinton Place, N. Y.

Late Immense Discoveries by STANLEY and others are *just added* to the only complete
LIFE AND LABORS OF
LIVINGSTONE
One of the most *attractive, fascinating, richly illustrated* and *instructive* volumes ever issued. Demand is *wonderful*. Agents wanted on *extra terms*. Send to HUBBARD BROS., Publishers, 723 Sansom st., Phila. Cinc., O.; Chicago, Ill.; Spring field, Mass.

Centennial Reduction In Advertising.

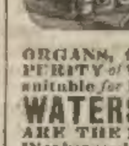
$3,250.40
Worth of NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING given for
$700.
And A THREE MONTHS' NOTE TAKEN in payment from Advertisers of responsibility.
A PRINTED LIST,
Giving Name, Character, Actual Daily and Weekly Circulation, and Schedule Rates of Advertising, sent free to any address. Apply to
GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.,
NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING AGENTS,
41 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE GREAT
CENTENNIAL HISTORY
It sells faster than any other book. One Agent sold 47 copies in one day. Send for our extra terms to Agents. NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

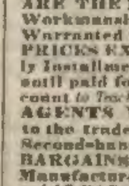
$70 A WEEK MEN & WOMEN make **FREE!** $70 a week with our goods. $1 samples free to those who mean business. N. P. RAY & Co., Chicago.

GOOD AS GOLD.
The Gent's Jewelry Case contains one Gent's Vest Chain, one Gent's Collar Stud, one set Sleeve Buttons, one set Shirt Studs, one heavy Ring, one Bosom Pin. Every article is double fire gilt, and will keep the appearance of gold for years. By mail, 25 cents. Circulars free to Agents. One dozen cases by mail, $1.75; six dozen $3. Ladies' Cases same price.
WOOD & SCOTT, Box 3768, New York.

BANKRUPT SALE
OF MILTON GOLD JEWELRY.
We will send you on receipt of **Fifty Cents**, one pair elegant engraved Sleeve Buttons, one set Spiral Studs, one Collar Button, one beautiful Coral Scarf Pin, one Gent's Watch Chain, and one heavy Wedding Ring. Above lot used to retail for $5.50. Four lots will be sent, post paid, on receipt of $1.50 and 12 lots for $4. Address W. W. BELL & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.



Prof. Hall's Magic Compound is the Only preparation, one package of which will force the beard to grow thick and heavy on the smoothest face (without injury) in 21 days in every case, or money cheerfully refunded. 25 cents per package, postpaid; 3 for 50 cents. E. W. JONES, Ashland, Mass.



AGENTS WANTED.
Men or women, $24 a week. Proof furnished. Business pleasant and honorable, with no risks. A 16-page circular and valuable samples free. Do not delay, but write at once on postal card to
P. M. REED, 3d St., New York.

$15 SHOT GUN.
A double barrel gun, bar or front action locks; warranted genuine twist barrels, and a good shooter, complete with Flask, Pouch and Wad-cutter, for $15. Can be sent C. O. D. with privilege to examine before paying bill. Send stamp for circular to P. WELL & SON, 236 Main Street, Cincinnati, O.

$100 INVESTED MAR PAID A PROFIT OF $1,700
during the past few months, under our improved system of operating in Stocks. Book containing full information sent on application.
TUMBRIDGE & CO., Bankers and Brokers,
2 WALL ST., NEW YORK.

LOVERS Guide to marriage, wealth, and beauty, never fails, love letters, wisdom, &c. Book worth $50 now mailed free by THE UNION PUB. CO., Newark, N. J.

FREE Watches to Agents who will send for Centennial Stationery Packages. It contains 18 sheets Paper, 12 Envelopes, Golden Pen, Penholder, Pencil, Patent Yard Measure, and a piece of Jewelry. Single package with pair of elegant Sleeve Buttons, post-paid, 25c. Circulars free. M. MIKOLAS & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

WATERS' ORCHESTRION chime **ORGANS,**

are the most beautiful in style and perfect in tone ever made. They have *the* celebrated Concerto stop, which is the fine imitation *of the* Human Voice, *and* two and a half Octaves *of* bells tuned in perfect harmony with *the* reeds, and their effect is magical and electrifying. WATERS' CLARIONA, ORCHESTRAL, CONCERTO, VESPER, CENTENNIAL, Chimes, CHAPEL, & COTTAGE ORGANS, in Unique French Cases combine PURITY of VOICING with great volume of tone; suitable for PARLOR or CHURCH.
WATERS' PIANOS, Grand, Square, and UPRIGHT ARE THE BEST MADE; the Tone, Touch, Workmanship, and Durability Unsurpassed. Warranted for SIX YEARS.
PRICES EXTREMELY LOW for cash. Monthly Installments received. Instruments to let until paid for as per contract. A Liberal Discount to Teachers, Ministers, Churches, Schools, Lodges etc. AGENTS WANTED. Special Inducements to the trade. Illustrated Catalogues Mailed. Second-hand Pianos and Organs at GREAT BARGAINS. HORACE WATERS & SONS, Manufacturers and Dealers, 481 Broadway, and 40 EAST 14th ST., UNION SQUARE, N. Y.
PATTERSON & NEILL,
General Agents,
1223 Chestnut st., Philada, Pa.

THE GREAT HARD TIMES PAPER
The Best, the Cheapest, and the Most Popular. You cannot afford to be without the
CRICKET ON THE HEARTH
It is a mammoth 16-page Illustrated paper (size of *Harper's Weekly*) filled with the choicest reading for old and young. Serial and Short Stories, Sketches, Poems, Useful Knowledge, Wit and Humor, "Answers to Correspondents," Puzzles, Games, "Popular Songs," etc., etc. Lively, entertaining, amusing, and instructive. The largest, handsomest, best and cheapest paper of its class published. **Only $1 per year**, with choice of three premiums: the beautiful new chromo, "Yes or No?" size 20x28 inches; any one of the celebrated novels by Charles Dickens, or an elegant Box of Stationery Paper without premium, only 75 cts per year. Or we will send it **Four Months on trial for 25 cts.** Specimen copy sent on receipt of stamp. Agents wanted. Address, F. M. LUPTON & CO., Publishers, 37 Park Row, New York.

"PSYCHOMANCY, or Soul Charming." How either sex may fascinate and gain the love and affections of any person they choose, instantly. This simple mental acquirement all can possess, free, by mail, for 25 cents; together with a marriage guide, Egyptian Oracle, Dreams, Hints to Ladies, A queer book. 100,000 sold. Address, T. WILLIAMS & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia.

READERS Writing to advertisers who advertise in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST please say where you saw the advertisement.

THE FASHIONS.

There is a marked tendency towards elegant simplicity in wraps this season. We have attended several openings at leading houses, and have been struck with this fact. Among the cloaks for the intermediate season, the Dolman takes precedence. Many of these are made of *drap d'été*, or thick cashmere, and lined with flannel, and in some instances wadding, about the shoulders and chest. A very stylish model was of *drap d'été*, with long and square hanging sleeves. A fold of the material, stitched on the upper side by machine, finishes the edge; below is a rich silk fringe. A bow, with long hanging loops of gros grain ribbon is placed at the throat, while a similar one finishes the back, being set on quite low down. A fold of the material trimmed with a double row of silk buttons, small size, is placed down the centre of the back. This is a very stylish covering, and upon a tall, slender figure is very graceful.

For a young lady a Dolman of grey cloth, with a wide Hercules braid, stitched around the bottom, and a knotted fringe below the braid, is very pretty, and youthful. We noticed an odd-looking cape of this shape, made of bluish green cloth, and edged with a row of peacock feathers. Buttons of bluish-green closed the front, and trimmed the back. Bows of similarly tinted ribbon were placed on the outer seams of each sleeve. A turban hat of dark green felt with a ruche of peacock feathers encircling it, accompanied this cloak, and formed a harmonious toilette.

The long black silk cloaks, fur-lined, so popular last winter and the season before, are again likely to be very much used. Their sensible length and real comfort will commend them to practical people, and their elegance to the devotees of fashion.

CASHMERE SUITS,

combined with silk, are much in vogue. Dark green shares its popularity with plum colored and bronzed brown. We have seen a suit in the plum colored cashmere, combined with silk and wool *damasse*, of the same shade, which was very pretty and appropriate for either house-wear or the promenade. It was made thus: The underskirt was of the cashmere, made with a kilt-pleated flounce of about seven inches depth, above the shirrings of the cashmere. The overdress was of the *damasse*, made into a polonaise. The latter was long and had a knife-pleating of cashmere on the lower edge. Above this knife-pleating of cashmere was a cording of silk. The polonaise fastened in front with small silk buttons, and had besides three rows of small silk buttons down the centre of the back. The coat sleeves were of cashmere, and had two knife-pleated ruffles at the wrist of the *damasse* goods. Three small rows of buttons trimmed the outer edge of the cuff. A round standing collar finished the neck. This suit worn with a grey felt hat, trimmed with plum-colored velvet and cock's plumes could be made very effective.

A pretty costume of fawn colored cashmere, had the lower skirt trimmed with a knife-pleated flounce of cardinal colored silk, above which was a gathered flounce of the cashmere. A narrower flounce of cardinal silk, finished nicely the trimming. The overdress was deep and long and had two pointed ends directly in the back. It was edged all around with a knife-pleated ruffle of the cardinal red silk. The looping of this overskirt was peculiar: an oval piece of cashmere was set on at the waist, and extended downwards to the depths of a foot; it was edged all around with a knife-pleating of the cardinal silk, and under it were fastened the folds of the back widths of the overskirt, forming very graceful drapery. Cuirass basque, with long back and short sides. Also having long seams from the shoulder down. The basque was edged with a knife-pleating of the cardinal red silk. Plain coat sleeves with a knife-pleating of the cardinal silk at the cuffs. Knife-pleated collarette of cardinal silk finished the neck. A handsome suit of black silk, had five knife-pleated flounces on the lower skirt. A deep polonaise of silk, edged with a knife-plaiting of the same, below which was placed a row of thread lace, about three inches deep, formed the overdress to this suit. The polonaise had a double row of the knife-pleating, and lace simulating a double skirt to it. The knife-pleating and lace, also continued down the front, and finished the sleeves at the wrists. A pleated pocket edged with lace, was placed rather higher up than has been lately the style, on the right side. A bow of gros grain ribbon, finished neatly the lower edge of it. Plain round collar at the neck. We have seen a good many pretty hats lately —many of which were imported. And here, by the way, let us suggest something to our fair readers, concerning the wearing of these shapes. The French fashion requires that they shall be worn far back, even the turban hats. We notice so many of the American ladies wearing their hats tipped forward. With the present mode of arranging the hair this is not a stylish method, and we advise a following of the French fashion. Now to our descriptions:—One of the most pleasing styles is called the "Eva," and has the rim turned down all round and a high crown. The model we propose to describe was of dark plum-colored felt, and had a piping of velvet around the edge, also folds and loops of silk of a similar shade around the crown. Two cock's feather plumes, one falling over the front of the crown, the other falling over the back of the rim, completed the trimming. It was worn quite far back upon the head. Another of pale gray felt called the "Nilson," pleased us well. It had a high and somewhat pointed crown, and was piped around the edge with tuyetle green silk. Two broad quill feathers, dyed dark green, were placed low down at the back, and hung across from side to side. A wide *damasse* ribbon of dark green, encircled the crown, and a large double bow of the same was placed in front quite high up on the crown. A loose fold of dark cardinal red silk, formed a handsome face trimming, and added to the style of the hat. The "Nellie" was another jaunty little "covering" for youthful heads—none other need dare to don it. It was made of the soft rough braid, called pineapple braid. The crown was high and pointed. The rim not very wide at the back, and quite markedly dropped. In front it was quite wide, and faced with black velvet—also turned sharply up. A full cluster of pale blue *moire* silk loops was placed above the forehead. A band of black velvet encircled the crown, and loose black velvet loops were placed in front of the latter. At the left side, a glowing cardinal wing gave a finish exquisitely Parisian.

For an elderly lady, a bonnet of black velvet with a high crown and revers front, the latter lined with navy blue silk, and crossed by a band of the breast-feathers of the peacock, is shown. A ruching and loops of navy blue velvet cross the front of the crown. A blue lophophore plume falls over the back of the hat. Strings of blue silk, or of black tulle, are worn with it. Thanks are due Messrs. Homer and Colladay for information received.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. A. G. (Talladega, Ala.)—Received your note, and made the inquiries at Express Office concerning package. We were informed that the package left this office the day after it was sent there. We have receipt, and if the hat has not yet arrived will forward to you. Sorry there was any delay, but it was not on our part. We are always punctual.

Kittie Vernon.—Wear the navy blue for a travelling dress, and keep the black silk for "best." You can certainly find accommodations in Philadelphia in October, as come on. There is, it is true, a great crowd of Centennial visitors, but this is a *big* city, and there is an abundance of room yet. NIXON.

PRETTY MARGUERITE.

BY HARTLEY T. CAMPBELL.

An old, old port, where sea-gulls swing
In and out, from year to year,
And Tuscan sailors sweetly sing,
And fruit crafts fringe the ancient pier,
There dwelt a maiden fair and sweet—
They called her pretty Marguerite.

I met her where the wild waves leaped
Pale with haste to kiss the strand,
And sated with the joy thus reaped
Turning, fled from the lusty land;
Her hair was gold, and, O, her eyes
Were surely bits of summer skies!

I spoke to her, and she replied—
Chatted of the sea and drift;
Until the arabor twilight died,
And night from the waves did lift
Its burnished shield, and hung it where
The milky way let through the air.

Again, when morning blushing came,
Breathing balm and full of glee;
And ocean's breast was all aflame,
We met by chance; she bowed to me;
Through yielding sand I traced her feet—
Feet of my pretty Marguerite.

Throughout the long, long summer time
Wooed I her, with every art—
Told her my love in tale and rhyme,
'Till she seemed of me a part;
Then fled she to another swain:
What cared she for a strong man's pain.

Day in, day out, down by the shore
Sat I where the tide rolled in,
Tried to think of her never more;
But ah! the ocean's solemn din
Seemed but to murmur, low and sweet,
"Pretty, pretty Marguerite!"

One hazy day, when the year was old,
Sailed I from the little port;
I thought I saw a gleam of gold
With the gentle breeze at sport,
Then for a moment I could trace
A girl's form at the trysting place.

Drifted my bark for thirty years,
O'er ocean caves, 'mid coral reefs,
Sometimes its sails were wet with tears,
Dews from many silent griefs,
But sometimes I was gay and glad,
They live not who are ever sad.

Then I steered 'neath Italian skies,
Back to fairest Tuscany
With all the old love in my eyes,
Hunting a lost part of me,
I found a woman, old and gray,
All alone on the ancient quay.

She knew me, though my beard was long;
Strange enough, I knew not her;
But when she sang a sad old song
Memory began to stir:
"Come back to me, Marguerite," I cried,
"Dream of my youth! my joy! my pride!"

"O, why this salt spray in thy hair?
Snow-white is this ocean brine;"
She looked up with a saddened stare;
"This spray is from the sea of Time,
Fresh youth has vanished far, far from me,
Since you left dear old Tuscany."

"And with gay youth went many friends,
Friendship's false and beauty's vain,
And flattery dies where beauty ends,
Leaving but remorse and pain;"
Then, moaned I: "Why did he depart,
And why should woman have a heart?"

I kissed her, and we walked away
Hand in hand, as once we walked;
Parted we not 'till close of day.
I think 'twas of the past we talked;
But this I know—she said "Amen"
To the old story told again.

MARY WARNER.

BY H. L. C.

"Though I may not see you again, dear Mary, until next Christmas, yet you refuse me one kiss as a remembrance?"

"Oh! I am a great girl now, Edward, and shall not let any one kiss me again."

"But I have known you from such a little child, ought not this to be my authority? You know I am your old friend, and am sorry to part from you without a token of your friendship."

"Well, but I am a great girl, and I ought not."

Edward Morgan was about to leave the village of Walmer to enter upon a situation in London; and the above dialogue took place between him and Mary Warner, on the evening of Christmas day, which was the one before his departure, for he would leave in the morning before the household were up. Edward was a young man of nineteen or twenty years of age, and had known Mary Warner since she was a child of ten years. She was now fourteen, and though not to be called handsome, had an expression of sweet sensitiveness and of quiet, good-temper, plainly marked in her face.

To attempt to reason was useless; and with a heart too full to talk, Edward could but faintly express his sorrow at the one boon denied him, and bidding her good-bye, retired to his chamber, concealing his grief as best he might.

Mary Warner lost her father when she was but an infant, and, compelled by circumstances, went to live with her kind old grandmother. Being naturally a child of affectionate disposition, a fond love sprang up between them; and the pain of separation, when in her tenth year, she came to live with, and assist her mother, was mutually severe to grandmother and child. But with the happy nature of children, love soon transports itself; the affections must find a resting-place, and the soul needs a confidant, and who can claim so strong a right as a mother?

It was at her home that Edward Morgan first saw the child. Himself very young, and of a warmly sensitive nature, he had witnessed with unconscious sympathy, the playful simplicity of little Mary, and had been to her a tried friend as "jumper," or the recipient of the exuberant overflow of kisses which the pure heart of a child lavishes upon any one it loves. The calls of business often separated the young friends, months intervened between their seeing each other, but scarcely any alteration took place in the simple delight of renewed meetings.

And oh! who will deny that these moments of unconscious love are the dearest in our lives, when the satisfaction of present happiness leaves no void, suffers no hope to intrude, but is true enjoyment, innocent rapture. When conviction that we love first comes home to us, we are from that moment subject to fear and hope; the present becomes only the road to a future, and is impatiently endured. Anxiety lends its aid to fever us with its promptings, and we then feel the pains of love, as before we enjoyed its pleasures. For the love spontaneously springing up between the boy and girl is of the holiest nature, and partakes of the passivity of the purest feeling.

"A great girl, and ought not," repeated Edward, as he sat down to think. "How cruel to doubt me, or to distrust her own faith in me. It is with none but the sincerest feeling, Mary, that I hoped for thy love."

Edward went to sleep, pondering why such thoughts should influence his dear girl. And he comforted himself by laying it to the world's teaching, that what a child may do with propriety, a girl may not do. But he would have envied any one but himself a kiss. He relied upon his love to overcome all opposition, unmindful in his enthusiasm that older people include policy in their creed.

Edward Morgan came to town with hope beating in his heart, yet scarcely daring to indulge in its visions. The reflection afforded by leisure, soon convinced him of the nature of his feeling for his friend. Day after day he longed to hear from her, and would have written every day, but restrained his love that he might not appear impatient.

However, many little exchanges of kindness took place, and somehow or other, Christmas found the young friends together in the village again, and the two or three days of conversation and playfulness endeared them still more to each other. Her growing shyness he watched with a cool but emphatic love; and he thought he was not unregarded by her whom he loved so fondly. The parting was a greater misfortune than ever, and it seemed like a pilgrimage to some unknown land, to go, and leave behind him all he held so dear.

Another Christmas passed, and a little present made to Mary induced her mother to request that no more such gifts should be made, for people begin to talk, and her daughter was so young that she thought it much better all intercourse should cease.

We have said that Edward had a sensitive heart, and this announcement rendered him almost speechless. His love had so grown from friendship, that it seemed like denying him a sister's affection, to deprive him of liberty to correspond with his Mary. But he said little; at a distance from her whom he loved, forbidden by the mother, he will not endeavor to gain from the daughter a word in his favor. Earnestly he besought Mrs. Warner to allow him to continue his acquaintance with Mary, and she as resolutely forbade him; he could only gain from her her decided opinion that it would be for the best to separate for two or three years, though she would give no reason for her decision. A polite order accompanied this letter, that no hope was to be indulged at present under these circumstances.

Love indeed could not be extinguished. Often did Edward grieve at the distance which sundered them, believing that his presence might have rendered all again happy, and he could not determine what had caused such sudden change of feeling. Once more he wrote; no reply was vouchsafed. Sorrow now seemed a fixed companion with him, and he was a solitary soul among many busy and thoughtless acquaintances.

A third Christmas came, and the young couple again met. We shall record a portion of the conversation that took place between them as they walked out together after church, on Christmas Day:

"And you never doubted my truth, Mary; never believed me so fickle-minded, as to be smitten by the first pretty face I might see, when remembrance ever kept your features present to me."

"Oh! no, I could not have thought so. I did not understand, until we parted for the last time, how dear you were to me. My mother no doubt meant well, but did she act wisely? To separate two true hearts, because I was but little more than a child."

"My love was too lasting to be destroyed, Mary, but not indifferent to be wounded. It was torture to send a loving spirit away from its idol, sacrificing present happiness to a future possibility. Do you not think that the love which is developed with the child, has the surest foundation, and should be equally valued with the feeling inspired by maturer years?"

"I did and do think so, Edward, for our interest was in all good things. It was your sympathy with the artless pleasures of childhood, that led me as a child to be pleased at your notice; the same feeling expanded and ripened into sincere affection, and time has but shown the truth of our simple instinct. My dear mother now believes that no harm would have come of our continued acquaintance, that an obedience to a foolish custom was but following an error, although the intention on her part was a good one."

"I did not blame your mother, Mary; she, I am sure, did what she thought was the best. But what need for separation of young hearts when the mutual attraction is of so certain a nature as was ours. What but sorrow can be the result—days of restless anxiety, when the time might have been improvingly passed? Where *intelligent* feeling is manifested, be assured no probation is required. The best discipline is the converse of the parties implicated. A separation may be the means of other connections being formed; feelings dulled by hopelessness, may be triumphantly spoken of as evidence of a passion which was but fanciful, not deep, but are they not stronger evidence of a disappointed faith? It is not a tantalizing deprivation which persuades us to set greater store upon possession; the cognizance of beauty is the best warrant for its due appreciation; let us not think that the separation of two kind spirits increases the love between them. It may give it different forms of expression, may lead into different trains of thought, but cannot add a grain to its sterling weight."

"I feel that you are right, dear Edward; the fears that I endured for the last three years of our separation were bitter in many respects. True, I had many happy days and many happy hopes in the future; the realization, however, of happiness in the present seemed impossible. Time has brought all things round as we could best wish. Oh! every day I feel it truer that our souls are linked in fellowship by the undying power of sympathy.

As we have seen, our young friends were enabled to fulfill the aspirations most dear to them. We are anxious to the commonly received opinion that "absence but endears." We humbly think this must depend upon the peculiar nature of the feelings in question. Where intelligent love in its simplicity sees its own strength, it is impatient of contradiction; its fervency cannot be exalted by denial. Should we succeed in raising a little thoughtful discussion upon this point—if only to induce consideration before action—we shall do all we hope to do, and perhaps help to reconcile the too often contrary decisions of the old and young.

Let mothers endeavor to guide aright the impulses of juvenility, foster affection *whenever* it is discernible, and if Love does rule the world, or *should*, they will be doing the greatest good in the most pleasurable manner.

THE ROBBERS' HAUNT.

A TRAVELLER'S TALE.

In the month of December, 1830, I set out with a guide from Rio Janeiro, the capital of Brazil, to visit the mines of San Jose. Our way lay mostly over a wild, mountainous region, where there were no villages, and only here and there a large open shed for mules and their drivers, a kind of shop for the sale of refreshments, a miserable kind of an inn to lodge travellers, and the regular farmhouse of some settler. In some of these, and I tried them all by turns, I generally lodged at night, with a cow hide stretched on the damp earth for a bed, a blanket over me for a covering, and any number of monstrous rats, loathsome bats, and poisonous carapatoos for companions and bedfellows. The rats I speak of were of the largest wild species, and would not hesitate to gnaw your flesh when asleep; the bats were regular vampires, which would fasten upon a toe or a thumb, and suck your blood; and the carapatoos were insects as large as beetles, with a covering like a rhinoceros, which would first fix their claws into your skin, and then burrow their heads below it, from which they could only be removed by main force, leaving an ulcerous wound of a painful and even dangerous character. Ugh! a vivid recollection brings them all about me now, and I shudder at the thought as I then shuddered at the reality.

I had journeyed for several days, over many a weary league, when one afternoon my guide and self were caught in a most terrific storm, in one of the wildest parts of the mountains. I never saw such lightnings—the whole heavens seemed to be in a blaze; I never heard such thunders—the frowning rocks above and around seemed as if being rent into thousands of fragments; while the wind reared and raved like a tornado, beating down and uprooting gigantic trees, and the rain came tumbling down like a hundred foaming cataracts.

It was not safe to advance, if even our animals had been willing; but they, with an instinctive dread, turned tail to the tempest, and huddled themselves together, and my guide and I sought refuge from the beating storm under their bellies.

There we remained for hours, looking for a lull, which did not come till the shades of night began to settle over the awful scene, and then the clouds broke away and we resumed our journey. But we had not advanced half a mile ere night was upon us, and our course was impeded by a violent mountain torrent, which we could not pass.

"Heaven, save us!" exclaimed I, in dismay; "what shall we do now?"

"We have no choice, senhor, but to encamp here, or turn off to a solitary farm, which lies about half a league up the bank of this stream."

"Any place where we can get shelter and food for our weary beasts is better than remaining here, Ricardo," said I. "Why do you hesitate?"

"I have heard, senhor, that this farmhouse is the abode of robbers."

"Ah, indeed! do you know the report to be true?"

"Not of my own knowledge, senhor, but I have good authority for believing they infest this part of the country."

"In which case they might attack us here!"

"Very true, senhor; it is an ugly place to spend the night in."

"Well, I have a good brace of pistols, and you a knife, and something must be risked."

"As you say, senhor; I am at your command. Will you venture on this farm?"

"Yes; for there seems to be nothing better. After all, the report may be a false one. Let us take the risk."

The rain had now ceased, and the clouds were breaking away overhead, letting down the faint light of the brightest stars I ever saw. I drew out my pistols from under my wet garments, shook out the priming, and put in some powder; then taking my horse by the bridle, I followed Ricardo.

An hour of toil brought us in sight of a twinkling light; and in a few minutes more we reached the door of a respectable-looking house, situated in a gloomy valley, surrounded by rocks and trees.

The door was open to the summons of Ricardo by an old woman, with a yellow complexion, wrinkled skin, a cadaverous face, grey, curling hair, and small black, serpent-like eyes, all of which I instantly distinguished by the gleam of light which fell upon her, and which were not calculated to allay any suspicions previously excited by my guide. She took a keen, quick survey of our persons, and in reply to Ricardo's request for a night's entertainment for ourselves and animals, she had, I fancied, a too hasty, and therefore suspicious, affirmative.

She pointed out an old crazy structure, half barn, half shed, where our jaded beasts would be so comfortable, while it would render her so happy to entertain the gentlemen in her comfortable domicile.

"I am so sorry my husband and sons are away, senhor," said the old dame, "for they would have been delighted to make your acquaintance."

I bowed low to her compliment, and inquired how many sons she had, and when her husband would return?

She had three sons, noble boys—and she feared neither they nor their worthy father would return before noon of the following day, as the storm would keep them away over night.

I was truly thankful for this part of the performance of the storm, though I did not consider it polite and politic to say so.

I had thus bowed my way into the centre of the apartment, near to an oil lamp which stood on a kind of rude bench used as a table, when for the first time I became aware that there were three other occupants. One was an old negress, sitting on the damp ground, with her head against the wall, and looking as if asleep; another was a half-grown negro-boy, with his head resting in her lap, and looking up at me with his black, glistening eyes; and the third was a beautiful girl of some seventeen or eighteen years, who was sitting on a bench apart from the others, swaying her body gently to and fro. Her eyes, large, soft, and dreamy, like those of a Spanish maiden, were also raised to mine with a most sweet and melancholy expression; and as I gazed upon her pale, sad, lovely face, thrown into bold relief by her deep, black, braided hair, I felt as if no harm could come to me in the presence of such a being.

"These are two of my servants, and this is my niece," explained the old woman, as she followed my glance to the different parties. "Pray, make yourself at home, and you shall soon have a good supper to warm you."

She pointed me to a seat near the girl, and then went and roused up the old negress with a stake, saying something to her in a low tone. The latter got up drowsily, stared at me, and then proceeded to prepare supper for myself and guide.

Meantime I fell into conversation with the lovely girl, and soon noticed that she was becoming extremely agitated—her lips quivering, her hands trembling, and her eyes glancing warily around her. I watched my opportunity, when neither of the others could hear me, and inquired the cause.

She put her finger to her lips as a sign of caution, and said, in a low tone, just sufficiently above a whisper to prevent the others from understanding her—"I never saw two men before yourself that I would turn my hand over to save. I could love you, senhor; and as proof of it, I will save your life. I often talk to persons as a decoy—to lull suspicion—for there is something in my face that leads the suspecting even to think me truth and innocence. For this purpose my aunt gave you a seat near me. But I will not deceive you—the saints forbid! If you stay here to-night, you will be murdered. This is the haunt of robbers. The old woman's story of the absence of her husband and sons is false. They went out the back way as you came in the front. They will steal back upon you the moment you are asleep, and if you drink anything in the house you will be asleep before you know it. Everything will be drugged."

"I heard something of this," I answered; "but could not have believed it with such a beautiful being as yourself present."

The fair girl sighed.

"What shall I do?—how save myself?" I inquired.

"Go out at once to your attendant, on pretence of wishing to see to your animals, tell him all, and then mount and ride for your life."

"But the way is rough, and we might be interrepted."

"I know it, but it is your only chance."

"And you—what will become of you? They will suspect you of exposing their horrible secret, and kill you in revenge."

"No; I am too valuable to them. And even if they were to kill me, I should care little, for life is a burden. Go, senhor, and heaven protect you! Let no fear of my safety prevent you from saving your own precious life!"

"But I am armed; and now that I am warned, my life could not be attempted with impunity."

"Very true; but what a dreadful scene it would be; and even if you were to kill one or two, you would be overpowered in the end by numbers. Go, go, senhor, while yet there is time!"

"May heaven pardon you your crimes, if indeed you are criminal!" said I, drawing a gold ring from my finger, and slipping it on one of hers. "Wear this in remembrance of the stranger whose life you have this night saved."

She pressed it to her lips and sighed, and I arose and went out. I met Ricardo approaching the house.

"I wish to see if you have properly attended to my horse," said I, in a loud tone.

"Certainly, senhor. I have made him as comfortable as he can be."

I took hold of his arm with one hand, and laid the finger of the other significantly on my lips. He seemed to comprehend the sign and turned back. On reaching the out-building, I told him, in a low, hurried tone, all that happened, and what I had been advised to do.

"The reports were not false, then, senhor? Very well, we will mount and ride."

"Can we do so with safety?"

"We must always trust something to Providence, senhor."

In less than five minutes we were on our beasts, and moving away as gently and quietly as possible.

But we had not gone twenty yards down the rocky bank of the stream, when a gruff voice hailed us.

"Now for it!" said Ricardo, whipping and spurring his mule into a gallop.

I followed close behind him, my horse stumbling at almost every step.

Now came the shouts of three or four men, whom we knew by the sounds to be pursuing us; and then shortly after there came two reports of firearms, and I heard two balls whistle near us. We still dashed onward, but our way was so rough that those on foot were enabled to gain on us. I looked back, and could see the foremost not twenty paces distant. I drew one of my pistols and cocked it, still urging on my horse. The man gained on me. I looked back again, and saw him within ten paces. Ah! now for a chance shot, and providence to guide my hand!" I pointed my pistol toward him, and fired. There came a loud yell of rage and pain, and the man pitched forward and fell.

We kept on as fast as we could dash, and I saw no more of our pursuers. Providence saved us. We rode for an hour, and then dismounted and rested ourselves till daylight. Then Ricardo found the way to the traveled route, and we continued with our faces towards Rio, till we met a large party of muleteers going over the mountains. We joined them, and resumed our journey anew, but said nothing of what had occurred. We went through to San Jose in safety, and I returned by another route.

What happened at the robbers' haunt I never knew. Whether my shot proved fatal to one, or the girl was murdered for betraying their design, is equally unknown to me. Ah, that girl! whatever her crimes may have been, my heart has always bounded with gratitude whenever her sweet, sad, beautiful image has been called up in my memory.

SCIENTIFIC.

FEW people can form a definite idea of what is involved in the expression—an inch of rain. It may aid such to follow this calculation. An acre is equal to 6,272,640 square inches; an inch deep of water on this area will be as many cubic inches of water, which at 277.274 to the gallon is 22,622.5 gallons. This quantity weighs 226,235 lbs., or 100-95 tons. One hundredth of an inch (0.01) of rain is equal to one ton per acre.

IT is well known that the nearest stars, or rather suns, are so far distant from our earth that even light—with its tremendous speed of 190,000 miles per second—occupies more than three years in its journey to us. Another illustration of the same fact is contained in a recent astronomical announcement, namely, that a certain comet will be, in 1878, "very near" the orbit of Jupiter. This "very near," put into figures, means only nine millions of miles!

AN ingenious English invention, just brought forward, provides for boilers consuming their own smoke, without the aid of any elaborate apparatus. The plan is to bore, just above the fire door of the boiler, a couple of circular holes of about two and a half inches diameter, and then insert two pipes, which run at the top of the furnace for about one-third or half its distance. A small pipe connected with the boiler drives a jet of steam into each of the pipes, which thus creates two strong draughts of air. This air is rarefied by the steam, and is driven right into the centre of the flame and smoke from the furnace, thus precipitating the carbon and preventing its escape in those dense clouds which are so offensive in large cities.

M. FAYE proposes that the French Academy of Science should fix a limit of elevation, beyond which no ascent having a scientific object in view should be allowed to go, or its results received by them. According to this eminent savant, the extreme height of seven thousand meters answers all the serious needs of modern science; the atmosphere extends, indeed, more than twenty-eight leagues further—the observations of shooting stars, of which the extreme point of inflammations is about seventy-five miles in height, assigning a thickness of thirty leagues to aerial stratum which surrounds our globe—but, of these thirty leagues, the first two only are of importance, and, notwithstanding the fascinations of adventure, it is not the exploration of two or three miles, more or less, which can seriously influence the progress of science.

THE idea seems now to be perfectly practicable—unless unforseen difficulties present themselves—of establishing telegraphic stations in mid-ocean, by which messengers may be sent from any part of the sea along the line of the cable to the terminal points on shore, and vice versa, so that communication with ironclads, mail steamers and other vessels, when out at sea, may be established. The plan consists in having a hollow sectional column, with a base plate attached by a ball and socket joint, the column being lowered into the water and anchored rigidly to the ground; the branch cable is coupled to the main cable, and carried along the column to the surface of the water, to be there connected with instruments on board vessels. By this arrangement it is proposed to control naval and strategical movements, while a ship in distress could communicate her exact position and the nature of her disaster.

A WRITER in *Nature*, giving the latest that is known of the minor planets, states that Flora has the shortest period of revolution, namely, 1,193 days, and Sylvia the longest, 3364 days—the corresponding mean distances, expressed in parts of the earth's mean distance from the sun, being 2.201 and 3.492. The nearest approach to the sun is made by Princessa, 1.787, while Freia recedes furthest from him, the aphelion distance being 3.062. Polyhymnia has the greatest eccentricity, 0.3565, and Lomia the least, 0.07176; Pallas the greatest inclination, 34° 42', and Massalia the least, 0° 41'. It also appears that the difference of distance from the sun between Phocea in Perihelion and Freia in Aphelion is 2.315—corresponding, as nearly as it can be expressed, to about 201,000,000 miles. These calculations may be regarded as among the most remarkable triumphs of modern astronomical science—its principles, methods, and instruments.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ADA F. (Baltimore.)—There are no receipts for the purpose mentioned.

DORA. (Lynchburg, Va.)—No application of any kind (except a regular hair-dye) will darken the eye-brows.

H. A. T. (Thomaston.)—Dr. R. V. Pierce's address is World's Laboratory, Buffalo, N. Y. A letter so addressed will elicit the desired information.

J. R. A., (Phila.) Seven or eight hours' sleep ought to be taken for the due preservation of health. Females, as a rule, require more than men.

R. P. J., (San Antonio, Texas)—It is not the etiquette for persons to shake hands when introduced to each other, nor yet when parting on the same occasion.

MARY JANE (Burlington, N. J.)—A lady of twenty-five need not despair of receiving an offer of marriage; nor need she begin to fancy herself "an old maid."

ROSE and LILY, (Erie, Pa.)—The medium height of woman is about five feet four inches. A mistress can discharge a servant by payment of a month's wages in addition to any wages owing at the time.

S. A. M., (Norristown, Pa.)—There is not a publisher in New York or Philadelphia who would purchase a manuscript of poetry, unless from the five or six well-known poets whose works would be certain to sell.

A SUBSCRIBER (Plymouth, Mass.)—There are no means of preventing the hair from growing low down on the forehead, nor of promoting color on the cheeks of a person who is naturally pale, except by plenty of exercise in the open air.

W. D., (Idlewild, N. Y.)—"I am engaged to a young gentleman who lives forty miles from here. Would there be any harm for me to accompany him on a visit to his relations?" There would be no harm in a young lady accompanying a young man to whom she was engaged on a visit to his relations, even though at a distance of forty miles, provided she received her parents' sanction.

J. C. (Syracuse, N. Y.)—"I am extremely bashful whenever I go into the presence of ladies. How can I get over it?" You can only get over your bashfulness in the presence of ladies by frequenting their presence as much as possible. In order to acquire the ability to converse fluently with ladies you must keep conversing with them as well as you can. It is only by practice and actual experience that such things can be mastered.

HENRIETTE MARIE, (Ogdensburg, N. Y.)—"When a gentleman requests a lady to dance with him, and she is not engaged, how should she answer, supposing that she wished to do so in the affirmative? Also, when he offers her refreshments what should she say?" When a gentleman at a ball asks a lady to honor him with her hand for the next dance, and she is not engaged, she should bow gracefully and reply, "With pleasure." When he offers her refreshments, she simply thanks him.

AMY, (Camden, Ala.) writes: "Having broken off my engagement with a young gentleman for good reasons, although I can't help but love him, I wish to forget him, for I consider him unworthy of my love. How should I go about it? Shall I burn his letters?" If you wish to forget the young gentleman, by all mean, burn his letters at once, and then address yourself diligently to reading, needlework, out-door exercise, and any employment for the mind which may help you in your struggle to banish his image from your memory.

HENRY B. (Dayton, O.)—You should have consulted the young lady's parents before entering into a "solemn engagement of marriage" with her. By so doing, you would probably have avoided making them your enemies, and also avoided the unfortunate predicament into which your ill-considered conduct has brought you. As things now are your best course would probably be to make a frank confession of your improper conduct to the lady's parents, and leave it to them to say what course they would prefer to have you pursue.

P. G. (Lowell, Mass.) says: "Some time ago, a young lady gave me a note to deliver, and at the time I told her that I would read it, to which she made no objection. I did read it; did I do right?" You of course did wrong in reading the unsealed note entrusted to you for delivery, notwithstanding the facts that you told the writer you would read it if she did not seal it, and that she "made no objection." It is probable that she supposed you to be in jest, not thinking it possible that one whom she believed to be a gentleman would take such a liberty.

W. R., (Sidney, Ohio.)—Of course the world goes on just the same, no matter what calamities come to individuals. It may seem hard to a person whose prospects have been suddenly blighted, to see everything moving on just the same, and without the slightest indication that his sufferings are of the least account; but then, when you come to reflect upon it, is it not right that so it should be? If the world were to pause to take note of every man's misfortunes, it would be at a constant standstill, and we should all be engulfed in the common calamity of universal stagnation and death.

G. H. T. (Middlebury, Vt.)—This correspondent asks: "Would you be kind enough to inform me whether a young man can be called a tolerable scholar if he is able to read and write correctly, and have a fair knowledge of arithmetic?" He most certainly would not be a "tolerable" scholar. As for "scholar," he would be none at all. Where are the history, the geography, the facility of composition, and the *et ceteras* which nowadays must be included within the attributes of even "tolerable scholarship?" Then, again the idea of "scholarship" comprises a knowledge of French, at least, if not Latin. You have a great deal to study and learn before you can hope to become even so much as "a tolerable scholar."

A. W. (Boston,) writes: "I have a small income, but it is not enough to support me very nicely. Can you tell me of any way of increasing it? Would it be worth while to advertise in the newspapers that I give lessons in music, drawing, French, etc.—or fancy work?" We regret our inability to advise you what course to adopt to increase your resources. Many ladies, having a small income, are desirous of finding some genteel and suitable avocation that may enable them to augment it; but we know not how to advise in such cases. Advertising in the newspaper that you give lessons in music, drawing, French, or other accomplishments, is generally followed by disappointment; and if you do fancy-work, it is not an easy thing to know how to dispose of it.

LAURA W. (Aiken, S. C.) writes:—"My father died several years ago, leaving me several thousand dollars to be given to me when I became of age. I will be of age in two months and expect to marry soon after. My guardians are opposed to my marriage and threaten to keep the money from me. Can they do it?" If your father left you the money on the attainment of your majority, your guardians cannot keep it from you for marrying against their consent. But possibly your father's will may have given the guardians some discretionary power. This is what you must find out for yourself by obtaining a copy of your father's will. We may add that we should advise you to pause and reflect well before you take a step that is opposed to the wishes of your guardians, because it is ten to one that they have only your interest at heart in the matter.

B. W. (Dolington, Pa.) writes: "Do you think a young man should marry as soon as he is able, and if so, why?" We do, because marriage makes home happy. Without marriage, there is no home, no real home, no true home; a house, as the Frenchman says, but nothing more. Marriage brings with it all that elevates and refines, all that satisfies and delights; the commonest details of our ordinary occupations it clothes with a vesture of enchanting lovliness and of imperishable beauty. Marriage enlarges the scene of our happiness and miseries. A marriage of love is pleasant; a marriage of interest easy; and a marriage, where both meet happy. A marriage has in it all the pleasures of friendship, all the enjoyments of sense and reason, and, indeed, all the sweets of life. Nothing is a greater mark of a degenerate and vicious age, than the common ridicule which passes on this state of life.

ALBERT G. (Providence, R. I.) writes: "I am engaged to a young lady and am very much in love with her, but there is one great objection to her. She meets young gentlemen out in the evening and visits places that her parents object to, all the while keeping them in ignorance both of her company and her visits. Should I under the circumstances cancel the engagement?" A young lady who is capable of repeatedly deceiving her parents in regard to the places she visits, and the company she keeps, cannot have much goodness of heart, or truthfulness of nature. If you are betrothed to a girl of that description, the sooner you bring your engagement to a termination the better it will probably be for you. It seems to us that it would be a great calamity for a man to take such a woman to wife, inasmuch as a bad, disobedient, deceitful daughter would be apt to develop into a wife of the same description.